THE NATION

February 7, 1966 . . 35c

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LETTERS

The equation

Houston, Tex.

Dear Sirs: Howard Zinn's article, "Setting the Moral Equation" (*The Nation*, Jan. 17), makes some valuable points, but he begins his discussion with an indefensible view—that "it is logically indefensible to hold to an absolutely nonviolent position, because it is at least theoretically conceivable that a small violence might be required to prevent a larger one. . . ."

Perhaps Mr. Zinn is led to his view by the assumption that to be nonviolent is merely to withhold action—i.e., merely to be "not violent." On the contrary, nonviolence is a set of values and tactics which attempts to appeal to a greater and more universal power than can be appealed to by violence. Thus the "theoretical" view that a small violence may be necessary to prevent a greater violence no longer holds when it is recognized that there is always a nonviolent means to achieve any moral end considered achievable by violence. . . .

Mr. Zinn is correct, however, in recognizing that two acts of violence cannot be equated merely because they are violent, and it is indeed a highly questionable procedure to assume that the violence of the Vietcong can be simply equated with the inane brutality of the United States and the South Vietnamese forces.

John Hodge

Note: Other representative comments from readers of Howard Zinn's article: "This whole nation ought to be grateful to you, and to Howard Zinn, for 'Setting the Moral Equation.'" Frederick B. Sweet. . . . "Zinn's article is one of the most perceptive and accurate assessments of the issues involved in Vietnam that I have seen." Allison W. Brown, Jr. . . . "'Setting the Moral Equation' should be printed in pamphlet form and made available to thousands who do not ordinarily read *The Nation*." O. R. Powell. . . . "The most significant article I have read since the end of World War II." John Michel.

Peace candidate

El Paso, Tex.

Dear Sirs: Karl H. Purnell ["Peace for Vietnam: The GOP's Nettle of Success"; *The Nation*, Jan. 24] is correct in his main analysis—that if the GOP would "get on the stick" and put forward a real peace candidate, it would have a chance to capture the White House in 1968. However, he makes one serious oversight when he fails to mention Governor Mark Hatfield of Oregon, who has shown real courage on the peace issue. *William H. Fisher*

Texas Western College

Trees in the desert

London, England

Dear Sirs: How the world differs! I read of the destruction of forests ["P. R. in the Forests" by Grant McConnell, *The Nation*, Dec. 27] and in the Sahara where I have just visited there is a growing sense of building forests. . . . It is now known that with reforestation water can be brought to the surface, grain can be grown and people can live there. Two-thirds of the world is hungry. A green belt around the Sahara is no dream, it will be a reality. Trees have been given by adjacent governments, and in one year they have grown 6 feet. Man can defeat the desert, but it needs energy and enterprise. . . . Fifty cents will buy two trees, and there is no limit to what they can produce. Plant a tree rather than destroy one.

Mrs. Harold Laski

Cops-and-robbers history

New York City

Dear Sirs: On first reading William Eastlake's review of my *New England Frontier* (Jan. 3) I suspected an attempt at humor. How else explain the reviewer's boundless errors of fact, his egregious half-truths, his innuendos, his quotes-out-of-context; only a humorist, I thought, could so distort the contents of a book. And the clincher was the very choice of a reviewer: why else would you assign a novelist to pass judgment on a work of history?

But . . . perhaps your readers, including myself, were supposed to take Mr. Eastlake seriously! If so, I hasten to point out to those who might be sincerely interested in how the Puritan settlers of New England thought about and acted toward the American Indian, that the book I have written bears no appreciable resemblance to the one reviewed by Mr. Eastlake. Clinging to a cops-and-robbers view of history and using his review as a platform from which to vent his frustration at Lyndon Johnson's foreign policy, Mr. Eastlake has produced a polemic rather than a review.

Some cases in point: in his haste to paint a black picture of Puritan behavior, Mr. Eastlake accuses the colonists of bringing syphilis to New England, despite the fact that most medical historians believe it to have been taken *from* the Indians by Columbus' sailors; he conjures up a purely imaginary explanation of Herman Melville's reasons for naming the *Pequod* (one might at least have expected Mr. Eastlake to deal accurately with fellow novelist Melville); and he repeatedly confuses the terms Puritan and Pil-

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Now You See It . . .

Every federal budget is to some degree a shell game, but in the current one the Old Prestidigitator, as *The Wall Street Journal* calls Mr. Johnson, has surpassed all his predecessors. He has put in something to please everyone, even though the pleasure may be as transitory as the life of an ephemerid. This time-honored practice accounts for part of the deception; for the rest, this is a budget in name only, since the Administration has the most grandiose plans for enlarging the scope of the Vietnam war and the cost of that widening conflict is a complete enigma. In the year just past, covered by the 1966 budget, Vietnam costs were somewhat under $5 billion — or so we are told, since a certain amount of flimflam enters into all war costs. The 1967 budget allows more than $10 billion, but Mr. Johnson promises that he will not hesitate to come back for more if the villainous Communists continue to spurn his entreaties to join him at the conference table. Vietnam could just as easily cost $20 billion in fiscal 1967 as the budgeted $10 billion. And if the Chinese come into the war, as General Gavin thinks they may, even $20 billion may turn out to be too little.

The hawks certainly had the better of it in this exercise of the fiscal arts. In only one item, the Manned Orbiting Laboratory (MOL), was there a cutback from the expected figure. This space vehicle, which is not a laboratory at all but an experimental prototype of a space combat ship for the Air Force, will receive only between $100 million and $150 million, or about half of what was expected. Probably there were technical reasons for not allocating more, since the Air Force has been begging piteously for MOL for several years and warning the country that without it the nation would soon find itself standing naked before its enemies. NASA also took something less than it asked for — $5 billion instead of $5.58 billion—though actually it will be allowed to pay out $5.3 billion. But the military establishment still gets the biggest scoop of federal funds. Even assuming that Vietnam will not cost more than $10 billion, that is more than three times the amount allotted to the Great Society, and out of the entire budget total of $112.8 billion, $58.3 billion is for "defense"— nor does this figure include all military spending. The generals and admirals asked for almost $70 billion, and they may still get it, if the enemy is reasonably obliging. (One way or another, the hawks usually end up getting most of what they want.)

A certain amount of image-creating humbug goes into every budget, and Johnson is not one to pass up such opportunities. One hoary device is to cut items which the Congress will later restore. By this means the President stands before the voters as the Great Economizer, pinching every penny of the funds the citizens have entrusted to him. Thus Mr. Johnson has lopped $70 million off school milk and lunches — a strange saving for the architect of the Great Society to present as his own—but the kids will probably get it back on the floor of the House.

Finally, this is an inflationary budget despite all the stage business about economy. What with Vietnam, the economy continues to boom, and excess productive capacity is approaching zero in some areas. We may come within shooting distance of full employment during the lifetime of this budget and that will be another triumph for Mr. Johnson, but it is apt to prove costly in terms of prices. Of course Mr. Johnson did inveigh against inflation, and promise to deal with it ruthlessly, but the stock market has so far refused to take him seriously. There are, after all, some penalties inherent in the role of a shell-game operator, even one of the highest personal character and a regular churchgoer.

Bomb Hunt

By the time this editorial reaches print the bomb probably will have been found, but the incident should be instructive for those Americans who are not resigned to letting Big Brother in the Pentagon rule or ruin their world. A B-52 bomber—the type which has been pulverizing Vietnam — flying over the territory of Spain, our friend and ally, collided at 32,000 feet with a K-135 aerial tanker. Both aircraft crashed and seven crewmen died. At first only the unsuppressible facts reached the press, but when, within a matter of hours, 400 U.S. Air Force soldiers and technicians converged on the scene, it became clear that this was no routine accident. The men proceeded to crawl through the cane and tomato fields on the outskirts of a coastal village called Palomares, beating the foliage with poles and walking around with Geiger counters. Rumors spread that an H-bomb had been lost. Then the official lying began: Air Force officials denied everything. Forty-eight hours after the crash an Air Force sergeant, innocent of the complexities of security, suggested to a peasant that it would be well for people to get out of the tomato fields — the terrain might be radioactive. Air Force headquarters in Spain then admitted that the B-52 had been carrying four H-bombs; three had been recovered on land, but the fourth was still around somewhere, probably in the ocean. The land area was divided into Zones 1, 2 and 3, the first indicating the highest level of possible contamination, but still not dangerously high in the estimation of the Air Force. However, many families were confined to their houses by American troops, accompanied by Spanish Civil Guard police, and fifty angry villagers demonstrated, shouting "Down with the Americans and their bombs!"

Actually, except for the loss of the "nuclear device,"

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it was a routine accident. The bomber was being refueled, a procedure which is carried on by American military aircraft about every four minutes somewhere in the world. The B-52s which have been punishing the Vietcong, for instance, must be refueled on their round trip between Guam and Vietnam. The bomber was on what the Air Force calls "semi-alert," probably making a simulated run on a target, and it had to carry a load of real bombs because war might break out while it was thus practicing and in that case it would be dispatched to its real target. Such practice runs with H-bombs are also made routinely on American cities. San Francisco is said to have been practice-bombed 400 times, and there is no reason to believe that it is a preferred target. The danger is slight, however, since the bombs are not armed unless they are actually to be dropped in anger.

Thus the Air Force, over the seven seas and most of the continents, carries out its mission in preparation for The Day. It kills a good many airmen. A single small item on an inside page of *The New York Times*, (January 26) told of the crash of an SR-71 "superspy" plane near Roy, N.M., killing one test pilot employed by Lockheed and injuring another. At Denison, Tex., an F-102 Air Force jet crashed and burned, killing the pilot, and a Navy test pilot was killed when his jet fighter crashed in Narragansett Bay.

"Highly reliable" sources revealed (also in the *Times*) that American nuclear bomber flights over Spain had been indefinitely suspended. A U.S. embassy spokesman in Madrid did not deny the report, but all he would say was: "It is not in the national interest to discuss the movement of nuclear armament." If it were not heretical even to suggest such a thing, one might question whether the movement itself is really in the national interest.

Good for Dodd

Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, as chairman of the special insurance subcommittee of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, has uncovered a major financial scandal which has gone virtually unnoticed in the press. The American Trial Lawyers Association, however, picked up the story in the December-January issue of its magazine, *Trial*. High-risk automobile insurance companies sell liability coverage to persons with substandard driving records, to elderly drivers (who are often summarily discarded by the regular insurers after a single accident, however slight), to students, Negroes, Orientals, et al. Since 1960, fifty-four of these companies, doing business in nineteen states, have become insolvent, leaving $300 million in unpaid claims for more than 200,000 badly injured persons and more than a million motorists with worthless liability policies. The manslaughter and maiming on the nation's highways thus receives an added dimension of suffering.

According to Senator Dodd, of the fifty-four bankrupt companies, at least twenty-three failed because of incompetence and careless management practices; flagrant abuses and outright fraud accounted for another twenty. In some cases funds were misappropriated, records relating to company assets were falsified, grossly excessive fees and commissions were paid under management contracts, loss reserves were juggled, fictitious reinsurance arrangements were set up, capital and surplus were inadequate for the policies written, and commission agreements were made with agencies controlled by the same principals who owned the companies. The situation seems to be as bad, if on a smaller scale, as the fraudulent practices which disgraced the life insurance companies early in the century.

State regulation does not always protect the public. In Minnesota, the state insurance commissioner is among seventeen persons indicted by a federal grand jury in connection with allegedly fraudulent operations. Senator Dodd has warned the insurance executives that unless state insurance commissioners remedy the abuses which have become prevalent in this sector of the industry, the federal government will have to step in to regulate the industry.

The Lost Report

Where is the special Pentagon study of the draft that President Johnson promised to release months ago—nine months ago, to be exact? We have become accustomed to hedging, obfuscations, delays and secrecy in trying to get a straight answer out of the Administration on a topic that affects every young man as automatically as the arrival of his 18th birthday. To these the Administration now seems bent upon adding broken promises and falsehoods.

On April 18, 1964, President Johnson called a press conference and announced that he was directing the Defense Department to make a one-year study of the possibility of ending the draft within a decade. The report would be made public at the end of that year. Just why *another* study was needed was not clear, since a study initiated by President Kennedy had been going for several months; but it was commonly assumed that Johnson was merely acting to spoil a truly objective study proposed in Congress by Senator Keating and others. Spoil it he did, just when it was beginning to get considerable support.

And that—except for the usual number of Pentagon leaks—is the last heard of Johnson's big idea, touted at the time as "the most complete study of the draft ever to be made." April, 1965, the deadline, rolled around, and nothing was heard. Came summer and fall, and the step-up in the Vietnam war, and the silence became deeper.

Recently, we called Harold Wool, the man in the Pentagon closest to the secret study, and asked him what was holding up Johnson's Great Revelation. "Well, in a nutshell," said Wool, "the study was largely completed by last summer, but the Vietnam outlook changed it, and now the basic study must be revised. Quite likely, however, the Secretary [McNamara] will have something to say about the study in the near

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future." He would release it? No, just have something to say about it. Curiously, he could not have his say last spring; he had to wait until the nation was perilously deep in war and the draft took on a deeper patina of patriotism. Wool went on, "The study categorically states that the draft will probably be needed throughout the decade, even if our needs remained no higher than they were before Vietnam."

Everyone already knew that the Pentagon, being in the business of procuring men, would fashion its study to no other conclusion, but it will still be interesting to see how this conclusion is justified—when President Johnson consents to keep his word and release the report.

A much better explanation for the close-security status of the study was given to us last month by a high official in the Selective Service office in Washington. "You must remember," he said, "that this is a campaign year and the draft is one of the most unpopular institutions in the country. Whatever the study says, it could give the President political trouble."

Tower Against War

As the actively expressed opposition to America's aggressive presence in Vietnam enters its second year, the contrast between the leaden monotony of the official position and the ingenious devices whereby its critics make their views known becomes more marked. On a recent Sunday, Dean Rusk appeared before the cameras of *Meet the Press* to repeat once more that we are in South Vietnam to help a democratic nation repel a foreign invasion, and that we shall remove ourselves, bag and baggage, helicopters and napalm, as soon as we can be assured that the people of that brave little nation can vote in peace and security for the government of their choice. It is stultifying, after so many months, to hear the same quarter-truths uttered in the same tones of official piety.

Meanwhile, the Artists Protest Committee of Los Angeles has issued a call to the artists of the world to contribute works for display on a Tower Against the War which is to be erected at the intersection of Sunset and La Cienega Boulevards. Contributions, not over 2 feet square or ¾-inch thick, may be constructed of any weather-resistant substance, but the contributors are warned that what they send cannot be protected against possible vandalism. The appeal is printed in English, German, Italian and Spanish for distribution throughout the Western world. Inquiries may be addressed to 530 N. La Cienega Blvd.

And on the 20th of this month, a group of novelists, poets and critics will gather at Town Hall in New York to read from their own works at what is styled as a Read-in for Peace in Vietnam.

It is natural enough that artists and writers should be more inventive propagandists than foundation heads turned administration spokesmen, but the very nature of the two positions gives an advantage to the protesters. It is far easier to find new and vivid ways of saying that life is precious than it is to ring changes on the proposition that peace and freedom can be the fruits of devastation. Life proliferates variety; death is always the same.

Nigeria: Coup on a Tightrope . . . . . V. L. Allen

The attempted military *coup d'état* in Nigeria and the subsequent military take-over of power has surprised politicians and newspaper editors in Britain and the United States. For them, Nigeria portrayed an African prototype for political democracy: stable under the rule of law; free, with elections, opposition parties and an unrestrained trade union movement. It was the Western hope for Africa.

People see what they want to see and the uncritical observers of Nigeria saw only a façade. Social democrats in Britain wanted a measure against which to condemn Ghana with its one-party state. The mere bones of a democratic constitution in Nigeria were enough for that. The industrialists wanted to disparage the attempts at central planning and at achieving some degree of economic equality in Tanzania, Ghana, Mali and Guinea. The unrestrained freedom to invest and make profits in Nigeria led them to eulogize all its institutions. Whenever irregularities were discovered they were ignored, or rejected or damned for having their origin in subversive quarters. Nothing was accepted which stained the model of political democracy.

A military take-over, however, cannot be ignored. That is more than a stain; it is a blot. But the mechanism for selecting, for sifting evidence to satisfy inflexible hypotheses, still works. The cause, our public opinion formulators echo almost with one voice, is tribalism. It is resentment by Ibo officers at political domination by the Northern Hausas. No mention of economic and social injustices; little mention of political corruption. Occasionally a trickle of criticism of the Nigerian Government is permitted but none about its assassinated leader, Sir Abubaka Tafawa Balewa. In any case, behind the criticism is an implication much sought after by some Conservatives: this proves that Africans are really not fit to govern themselves.

The Western reverence for Nigeria, the praise of its institutions has been, by and large, a successful public relations hoax. The image we have had foisted on us is one that many Nigerians themselves reject.

The Nigerian constitution provides for free and fair elections but there has been no election in Nigeria which has not been marked by large-scale intimidation, by the use of what are, in effect, private armies. In the federal election in

V. L. Allen, who is in the School of Economic Studies at the University of Leeds, has recently returned from a trip to Nigeria.

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December, 1964, and the Western Region election in October, 1965, the parties in power used their control of administration to stifle opposition. Opposition candidates were prevented from taking out nomination papers by corrupt returning officers; ballot papers were manipulated to favor the party in power; candidates and their supporters were arrested and imprisoned on trumped-up charges. In the Northern and Western Regions there were arson and murder. Traders and cocoa farmers who refused to give public support to the government had their licenses withdrawn. I saw many of the victims myself when I was in Jos Prison in Northern Nigeria. It was filled to overflowing with political prisoners, not one of whom was charged with a political offense. It is not necessary to repeat the allegations made about the rigging of the Western Region election, for the riots and protests, the burnings and the killings, estimated by one source at 1,500, are testimony enough.

A truthful glance at the situation would have told anyone that effective parliamentary opposition was not tolerated. The only party capable of providing political opposition in Nigeria up until 1962 was the Action Group, led by Chief Awolowo. It was crushed partly for this very reason and its leaders were imprisoned. In 1962, Action Group was the government in the Western Region, strongly in opposition in the Eastern Region and the only vestige of opposition in the north. In the federal government it opposed the alliance between the National Convention of Nigerian Citizens (NCNC) and the Northern Peoples' Congress (N.P.C.). Although Action Group originated as a Yoruba party, it had supporters from the other main tribes. Its general secretary, S. G. Ikoku, was an Ibo; its vice president, Anthony Enahoro, came from Benin. Another leader, J. S. Tarka, was a Tiv from the Northern Region. Confounding prediction, the party changed after years of office in the Western Region from orthodox conservatism to democratic socialism; thus it threatened not only political opposition but economic vested interests as well, and this was a much more serious matter. NCNC, in alliance with a small conservative section of Action Group led by Chief Samuel Akintola, became the main executors of Action Group. They initiated the charges of treason against Awolowo and his officials. The party of Sir Abubaka Tafawa Balewa stood by and watched the breakup of the party, satisfied that the job was being done, giving encouragement where it was needed.

The leaders of Action Group were imprisoned and Chief S. Akintola became Prime Minister of the Western Region with a rump of NCNC and Action Group politicians who were so uncertain and unreliable in their support that each had to be given a government post to retain his allegiance. Elsewhere the Action Group opposition was stifled. Its funds were either confiscated or frozen. In Nigeria, no political parties obtain finances from the mass of their supporters; if they had to rely on that source they would be penniless. So only those parties with access to government revenue can maintain continuously operating organizations. Action Group, cut off from this source, was no match for NCNC and the N.P.C. But it had support among the ordinary people in the Western Region and Lagos and it was this which Chief Akintola and his political rump, now called the Nigerian National Democratic Party, tried to destroy in last October's election. The uprising against the rigged election result indicates that he failed.

A fuller description of the attempt to destroy Action Group would reveal clearly the shallowness of the claim that Nigeria, until today, was democratic. Of course Nigeria did not have a preventive detention act like Ghana and Tanzania but it did not need one. Any and every troublesome politician was arrested on one charge or another, such as harboring tax defaulters, loitering with intent, consorting with thieves. And magistrates were always willing to convict, since the rewards for positive support were high. The newspapers were muzzled by a press bill that was introduced late in 1964. Since then, one editor or another has been awaiting trial for sedition. Nor has the right of assembly been respected; in Lagos and the Western Region it has been almost continuously suspended since 1962. In any event, the police are ruthless with assemblies, even when they consist of protesting school children. They use tear gas and truncheons as a prelude to investigating the reason for a gathering.

This picture of political intimidation is superimposed on a setting of gross economic inequality and corruption. Independence has meant for most Nigerians a transfer of power from a white minority to a black minority, a substitution of black capitalists for white ones. It has removed little of the exploitation of the colonialist days; just added another dimension to it.

The average annual per capita income in Nigeria is about $100 and most Nigerians have considerably less. About 98 per cent of the population of 55 million is engaged in farming, subsistence farming, for the most part, and is largely untouched by economic developments. The standard of living of these and others who live by selling cash crops has fallen since the 1950s, for their money incomes have remained relatively stable while prices have risen. The remaining 2 per cent of the people is engaged in industry, mainly as day laborers, with incomes ranging from $11 to $28 a month. Labor is plentiful and therefore cheap. Capital is scarce and expensive; real estate is expensive. Houses in the European sector of Lagos cost more than houses in the West End of London. In the Lagos working-class suburbs Nigerians can make ends meet only if they sublet all but one of their rooms.

Because most of the capital is foreign-owned, with an increasing amount going into American hands, Nigerians can get access to the fruits of economic exploitation only if they control the distribution of contracts, licenses and the purchase of commodities for government consumption. And the only Nigerians with such access are politicians and civil servants. Consequently, large sums of money pass into their hands in return for favors. Politicians also control their own emoluments. Some get car allowances of up to $224 a month. The general strike in 1964 was for a maximum monthly wage of $47.04. In the three years 1960-1963, the government paid out $12,291,706 in car allowances to a few thousand politicians and civil servants. The cost to the federal government of granting the strikers their demands for three years would have been less than that. Senior employees in the public service, both expatriate and Nigerian, receive what are called children's separate domicile allowances to enable them to send their children away to

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school. In the same three years this concession cost the federal government $3,409,742. I could go on listing examples of gross inequity. The corruption, once it is started at the top, inevitably spreads down. No person can expect to get a job unless he is prepared to "dash" the person controlling its allocation. It is a common assumption in Lagos that if a girl wants a clerical job she must offer more than money.

Corruption is a talking point among the ordinary workers in Nigeria. I was offered countless illustrations without prompting in Lagos. It is a source of discontent. The economic inequalities are resented. Nigerian workers are an articulate lot and they know what they are struggling against.

Beneath the façade, then, a number of factors have made for instability. It was only necessary for some of these to coincide to give rise to actual disruption. In the general strike of 1964, many factors were present but an essential one —the existence of an effective leadership among the trade unionists— was not. The strikers were solid in their protest against the government, but were led by squabbling, self-seeking leaders. The only other organization in Nigeria which had power, different from but commensurate with the trade unions, was the army. In 1964, the military played a relatively passive role. This situation changed after October, 1965, when army units were used to keep Akintola's government in power in opposition to mass protests.

The army in Nigeria, as in any other former French or British territory, is in an anomalous position. In Western industrial countries an army is a conservative, stabilizing element. In Nigeria, however, it is a force for change. It is British-trained; its officers are products of Sandhurst. It is organized as a rational body, based on strict disciplinary lines and with little or no opportunity for corruption. In Nigeria, therefore, the army represents, in a sense, an alien value. On the other hand, the corruption, breakdown of order, absence of discipline are hostile to its traditions, and for this reason the army officers attempted to assume control. The dissidence of the workers has been reflected in a general welcome for military control. There was no need for demonstrations, simply tacit support.

The consequences of the military take-over will depend upon the political acumen of the army commanders, for a final solution can come only through economic and social measures. If the commanders make a transition, as President Nasser did, from dependence upon military power to radical economic policies, they may stay in power indefinitely without reintroducing political democratic measures. If they attempt to maintain power as a military unit and neglect the prime reasons for their ascendance to power, then undoubtedly there will be further unrest and, perhaps, bloody and disruptive clashes against organized labor. If they transfer political power to the hands of those politicians who use office to benefit themselves, as Sir Abubaka Tafawa Balewa's government did, there will be a repetition of the present situation but with more serious consequences.

The immediate need, it seems to me, is to set up a universally accepted political leadership which can act from an ideological base. There is only one source for this and that is among the imprisoned Action Group leaders. Support for Awolowo transcends tribal groups. He is a man of principle, an ascetic in fact and not simply by reputation, and with clearly formulated policies for Nigeria. He, Anthony Enahoro and L. K. Jakande, the extremely able Lagos Action Group leader who is also imprisoned, can provide the leadership which will not only rescue Nigeria from the fate of the Congo but will give it a positive role among progressive African nations. The immediate future of Nigeria depends, then, upon the speed with which the army commanders realize the unifying qualities of Chief Obafemi Awolowo and his Action Group colleagues.

JULIAN BOND

Georgia's 'Uppity' Legislator . . . .

Herbert Shapiro

Atlanta, Ga.

Irony reigned in the Georgia House of Representatives on January 10 when Representative-elect Julian Bond took the witness stand in a special hearing to determine if he should be seated. He was facing men who had repeatedly sworn their defiance of the Supreme Court, segregationists who had a few years earlier applauded student rioting at the University of Georgia against the admission of Negro students, who had urged the doctrines of interposition and nullification. Now they were judging whether Mr. Bond's statement on the war in Vietnam rendered him unfit to take an oath to uphold the federal and state constitutions. The challenge to Bond's seating was led by Rep. Jones Lane who last year invited Alabama Governor Wallace to address the Georgia House. Julian Bond had been asked to leave the Georgia legislature once before: he had been expelled a few years ago when he would not sit in the Jim Crow section of the gallery. "Get those 'niggers' out of there," the Speaker had told the guards. On the present occasion the Speaker, attempting to give the proceeding a veneer of politeness and "due process," insisted that nothing racial was involved. Hadn't seven other Negro Representatives just been sworn in?

Beneath the surface politeness the hearing moved on to a predictable conclusion. When the vote came, only twelve Representatives voted to seat Julian Bond; all of them were from the Atlanta area and five were Negroes. Appeals to seat Bond were made to the House by Rev. Howard Creecy whom Bond had defeated in the Democratic pri-

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mary, and by Malcolm Dean who had run as Bond's Republican opponent. There was a ripple of laughter as Bond's attorney asked Dean if he knew who had won the House election last June. Dean almost proudly informed the House of his overwhelming defeat: 82 per cent of the votes had gone to Bond. The state's two Negro Senators, Leroy Johnson and Horace Ward, also urged the House to consider carefully and to seat Bond; Senator Johnson predicted that a vote to oust Bond would be an albatross around the neck of the state legislature. But none of this affected the outcome. The House members, specially outfitted for the day with little tin American flags for their lapels, brushed aside the urging of Bond's Negro witnesses.

Even before the House convened, an atmosphere had been created that made Bond's seating unlikely. Walking through the halls was Lester Maddox, former cafeteria proprietor who long defied enforcement of the Civil Rights Act and who once brandished a pistol at Negroes seeking to eat in his restaurant. Maddox seemed among friends as he talked to the legislators and other capitol officials and handed out circulars boosting his candidacy for governor in the 1966 election. The civil rights workers who attended the hearings were obvious outsiders; the SNCC people, a few with beards and some casually dressed, represented another world as far as these legislators were concerned.

The Atlanta press also contributed to the fever of outrage. The day after John Lewis issued a SNCC statement affirming opposition to the war in Vietnam and standing by young men who decline to respond to the draft (which statement Bond endorsed), the moderate *Atlanta Constitution* opened a full-scale attack on the civil rights organization. The paper, which claims to be a friend of the Negro movement, identified SNCC's position on the Vietnam war with racism and anarchy. It observed that the SNCC statement "treads far beyond dissent and doubt about policy," implying that criminal actions were involved. The *Constitution* was perhaps more effective than it intended; on the eve of the legislature's opening it urged the House to seat Bond, but the hysteria let loose was hard to contain. The effort to block Bond was led by segregationists who were prepared to use the issue to provoke a direct confrontation with the civil rights movement, even at the cost of focusing national attention upon Georgia. Georgia's "moderate" business-oriented leadership has sought precisely to avoid such confrontations, to keep Georgia out of national headlines and particularly to give Atlanta a "progressive image." The extremists have now set to work to wreck that image, and it is strange that the liberal *Constitution* helped put the sledge hammer in their hands.

In the few days that intervened between release of the SNCC statement and the opening of the legislature, some Atlanta Negro leaders had spoken ambiguously about Bond's right to his views, while they stressed their rejection of the SNCC position on Vietnam. The TV stations suddenly became extremely interested in the views of the more conservative leaders of Negro organizations. Perhaps there were some who thought Bond might succumb to this sort of political blackmail, might apologize for his youth, and defer to the wisdom of the statesmen from south Georgia. But the whole significance of Bond's election is that he represents a new kind of Southern politician who thinks principle and politics ought to be related and who genuinely seeks to represent the needs of his constituents. Julian Bond said when the legislature opened that he was ready, willing and able to take his oath of office, but he would also

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maintain his integrity and refuse to violate his conscience.

His testimony before the House resolved any doubt about the outcome. He was only 25 years old when he came to the state capitol last month. While other members of the House, some of them elected from counties where Negroes still may not register, stood to be sworn in, he was made to sit and listen to the House clerk inform him he must step aside. Then outside the House chamber the newsmen swarmed around him, practically pulling him along to a news conference in a committee room. Through all this Bond appeared unruffled and cool. He read the newsmen a statement addressed to his constituents; he would not offer explanations for his individual opinions to the House as a condition for being seated. He was clear on the issue of his right to speak. "The fact of my election to public office does not lessen my duty or desire to express my opinions, even when they differ from those held by others."

But this was still in a press conference; the test was what he would say directly to the Georgia House. It came a few hours later when Denmark Groover, the counsel for those challenging the young Representative, asked Bond if he still agreed with the SNCC statement. Bond said, "I do!" He said it softly but his answer was clear and it was also clear that he would not compromise his conscience in order to get seated. With his few words Bond took his place among the American dissenters who have refused to conform to the political tradition of opportunism and demagogy. Those in the gallery knew the decisive moment when it came; the tension broke. A representative of an overwhelmingly Negro district, a district mainly of poor and lower-middle-class families, refused to pay the price required for admission to the exclusive club called the Georgia House of Representatives.

Charles Morgan, Southern Director of the ACLU, put it bluntly in a talk before the Hungry Club, a Negro luncheon group. Bond could not have gotten in unless he crawled in crying, "Massa, Massa, I'se come back." He had violated the first commandment of the white supremacist code; he had been "uppity," he had taken a nonconformist position on a basic issue and revealed himself as one Negro politician who would speak out on any issue whenever he saw fit. He did not feel he had first to check it out with the white moderates downtown who proclaim themselves the Negro's best friends. And most important, he had refused to back down when brought before an assembly of white politicians. A Negro legislator who insisted on his right to criticize the Vietnam war, who could not be made to retreat by all the media of public persuasion in Georgia, might be expected to speak out on anything. He just might violate the rules of the club and expose the fact that Georgia state government is still overwhelmingly segregationist in spirit and practice. The other Negro legislators seemed unlikely to be mavericks; they were seated by grace of the Georgia House.

Georgia is still concerned about its image. A group of Florida students recently demonstrated at the state line with signs that read, "You are now leaving the American zone," displayed to motorists crossing the St. Mary's River into Georgia. Florida is no model of integration, but the Julian Bond issue may turn Georgia into the main focus of the Southern civil rights movement. That upsets the state's political leadership and its corporation counselors in Atlanta. Image must be maintained, whatever the reality. So Governor Sanders congratulated the legislature the day after Bond was denied his seat. He said the issue "was acted upon with dignity and a proper sense of responsibility by all concerned. . . . This is as Georgians would have it done." He did not refer to the outcome, he did not comment on the fact that the voters of the 136th district are without representation, he has not said anything as to the right of a legislator to take a controversial position on public policy. A favorite Georgia habit is self-congratulation. Everybody is supposed to be impressed when the forms of due process are followed, never mind what conclusion is reached. One might have thought the Governor was being sarcastic, that his words were meant to parody the previous day's events. A real tragedy of Georgia is that politicians can speak such words with a straight face.

Legally the issue is now before the federal courts, but demonstrations have started to affirm community support of Julian Bond's right to his seat. And beyond this the episode has set off intense discussion in the community that elected him to the legislature. Some Negro conservatives will not lift a finger for Bond; they opposed his election in the first place, they have never liked SNCC, their middle-class respectability does not mix well with SNCC radicalism. Their connections with men of power in the city hall, the state capitol and Washington are threatened by any trend to connect the civil rights movement with opposition to the war. Other leaders speak for Bond's right to be seated, but their real passion is directed toward publicly disavowing SNCC. But this episode is also helping to create a new sense of unity in the Negro community, a unity that may overcome some lingering friction between SCLC and SNCC, and a unity that increasingly sees continuation of the Vietnam war as a threat to American freedom at home. This issue has brought Martin Luther King home to Atlanta to take a place in the leadership of the fight to reverse Bond's ouster; Dr. King has never been more outspoken in his words of praise for SNCC's achievement. He has plainly called the vote of the House a racist action and he has reminded this community that, whatever they think of Bond's specific views, he is a man who has spoken for peace. Dr. King has told Georgians, who usually get only the pro-Vietnam story, of the U.S. Senators who have criticized American policy in Southeast Asia. Conservatives in this city, Negro and white, have sought to keep King out of Atlanta (some of them applaud him as long as his activities are hundreds of miles from here). If the Bond case becomes a protracted fight, King's presence here may galvanize the local civil rights movement.

Since Bond's ouster, SNCC and SCLC have gone to the churches in a series of nightly mass meetings. Community leaders in the 136th district have spoken along with the organizational civil rights leaders. The mood has been one of crusade. At Mount Moriah Baptist Church, hundreds shouted their support for their Representative. Mrs. Dorothy Bolden, one local leader in the slum-ridden Vine City neighborhood summed up the feeling: "Julian Bond is a man." And she added, "We don't have many men in Georgia." To the crowd who

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cheered, Julian Bond was clearly a Negro leader and not a "leading Negro," selected by the city fathers downtown.

That meeting was also a forum for discussion of Vietnam. The Georgia House of Representatives should be given credit for that. Never before had there been such intense discussion in the Negro community of the distant war. The crowd was once again reminded of the many criticisms voiced all over the country about the war. Prof. Vincent Harding, history professor and Mennonite minister, affirmed his basic agreement with SNCC's position against the war and told the audience that Bond was expelled because he refused to be a slave to President Johnson and his war in Vietnam. Julian Bond's attorney and brother-in-law, Howard Moore, also spoke. Moore responded to a challenge from Charles Weltner, U.S. Congressman from Atlanta, who sits on the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Congressman Weltner's district includes many Negroes, and he has been silent on Bond's right to be seated but had turned over SNCC's statement to HUAC's staff for investigation as to "subversive" content. Mr. Weltner sought to evaluate SNCC; Mr. Moore said it was time to "evaluate Congressman Weltner." This year Weltner may run against Republican state Rep. Rodney Cook, who has enjoyed considerable Negro support. Weltner could be in serious trouble if drained of some of his Negro support. Moore let Georgia politicians know that the Negro is not in any politician's pocket and that maybe he would have to look around for new political alternatives.

Two nights later another mass meeting was held at Rev. Ralph Abernathy's West Hunter Street Baptist Church. Mr. Abernathy, treasurer of SCLC, was introduced by another SCLC aide, Hosea Williams, as the scholar who received his B.A. at Montgomery, his M.A. at Birmingham, his Ph.D. at Selma, under Prof. Jim Clark, and "now is enrolled for some postgraduate studies in Atlanta under Governor Sanders." Ralph Abernathy's speech is rich in the poetry of the Negro Baptist church and this night he was in marvelous form. His theme was "we're not going to bow any more." He told the Biblical story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, of how the trumpets blew and they were expected to bow but they did not. When summoned they told the king he could blow his trumpet, it belonged to him, but their knees belonged to them. Abernathy asked what is so wrong with American foreign policy that it cannot bear criticism and he, too, spoke of the Senators who have opposed the course in Vietnam. He declared that if Representative Bond is not seated, then his constituents may need to come and fill that seat themselves. Abernathy stood with King in unreservedly paying tribute to SNCC's record of unflinching struggle to create interracial democracy.

The events surrounding the seating of Bond strengthened SNCC's position of connecting civil rights with peace. In the SNCC statement the connection is stated in words; Georgia politics has given reality to the proposition.

THE FIRST CONGRESS OF THE POOR

Richard A. Cloward & Richard M. Elman

Syracuse, N.Y.

When liberals and civil rights agitators comment on the condition of the American poor, they are quick to say that the poor require more jobs, equal educational opportunities, better housing. And the poor, on formal and public occasions, are equally quick to say the same. Both enraged by and ashamed of their poverty, they demand the right to conform to the cherished American value of individual achievement, however impractical the application of this value and the governmental measures that spring from it may be to their impoverished condition. So Aid to Dependent Children (ADC) mothers readily endorse resolutions calling for public programs to enable poor people to establish competitive skills and thereby to become self-sufficient.

But privately, away from the drama of framing and passing public resolutions, abstract notions of upward mobility give way to more pressing and immediate matters: how to secure a bare standard of living—minimal housing, food to eat, clothes to wear. In such conversations with the poor, the villain is not so much a faceless society that permits flagrant class and racial exploitation as it is the familiar agents of the social-welfare state who control their lives. That, at least, is one conclusion to be drawn from a hastily arranged national convention of poor people held in Syracuse, N.Y., on January 15 and 16.

The convention in Syracuse, which met at a Negro Elks' club in a portion of the old tenderloin not yet erased by urban renewal, was expressly called to condemn the current "war against poverty." The rallying cry was for "total participation of the poor," not only in the front ranks of the battle against poverty but in the company, battalion, regimental and divisional headquarters as well. In this vein, resolutions were passed asserting

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the right of the poor to join those already empowered to make decisions about such major issues of American life as employment, urban renewal and education. Curiously, public welfare did not appear on the list. Stating that they were fed up with being the object of government power, declaring themselves ready to participate as equals in local anti-poverty councils along with representatives of private agencies, churches, political machines, public agencies and business elites, the delegates voted to establish a nation-wide, independently financed organization of the poor to advance their claims—even as they wondered where they would get financial resources merely to continue agitating against the poverty program in their various localities.

The Office of Economic Opportunity defines as its target a 30 to 40 million American population living in poverty. About 300 bona fide poor people and 100 representatives of the poor showed up at the Syracuse meeting. Obviously, a demand for "total participation" from such a relatively small assemblage could be construed as a rather insubstantial manifestation of dissent. But such dissent may yet prove to be infectious as more and more anti-poverty administrators and professionals stiffen in their attitudes toward the involvement of the poor in the community-action programs being established all over the country. Meeting at first en masse and later in caucuses called "study groups," the National People's War Council made a plea for unity among "grass roots organizations throughout the country." They further resolved to support any community-action program that agitates against agencies of our "poor law" government.

Slogans such as "total participation" go much beyond the official rhetoric of Title II of the Economic Opportunities Act of 1964, which merely calls for the "maximum feasible participation" of the poor; and to the extent of that difference, this convention could be said to be outside the Establishment's thinking about how the poor are to be brought into the war against poverty. But this extreme stance is, in part, a response to the failure of the poor to attain even modest representation in many community-action programs. It is also a response to the fact that a few anti-poverty programs have been faced with the present loss or future denial of control over their funds as a consequence of their thus far tentative assaults upon the *status quo*. These delegates, in short, had found the "power structure" more unyielding than they had been led to hope.

In Syracuse, for example, the activities of a university-sponsored, community-action program, using OEO funds, had quickly led the university to dissociate itself, under pressure from angry local public officials (especially Mayor Richard Walsh) who had become the objects of harassment. After just nine months of stimulating protests in housing projects and among blocks of welfare recipients, the nine neighborhood groups, formed with the encouragement of the Syracuse Community Development Association (SCDA), were able to obtain new refrigerators and stoves for all tenants in a public-housing project and won the right to paint apartments in different colors. But they soon found that they had also generated a backlash. OEO ruled that in future they would have to agree to become part of the Crusade for Opportunity—the Mayor's own "umbrella" organization of anti-poverty agencies and boards—or forfeit federal funds. Thus far SCDA has stubbornly refused. Distrusting any political deals that might ultimately limit its freedom to choose when, how and whom to agitate among or against, it has eschewed as well the time-consuming "appeals" procedures established by OEO, although it may yet have to resort to them if it wishes to remain alive in any form. SCDA chose instead to call for expressions of solidarity from other hard-pressed local groups across the country—as many as could make it to a People's War Council on a few days' notice.

Conventions of special-interest groups regularly take place in America, and their recommendations are often heeded. On that same weekend, in fact, the New York State Combined Council of Law Enforcement Agencies also met in Syracuse to register unanimous disapproval of civilian review boards. This group received considerable press coverage. *The New York Times* gave the National People's War Council Against Poverty a total of 3 inches, and few other papers did better. Yet this many poor have rarely convened anywhere in recent years to pass resolutions about their ill treatment at the hands of government agencies, or about their children's educational problems, their detestation of police brutality, or their right to make decisions affecting their own lives. It was probably to be expected that a convention so hastily summoned would be insufficiently heeded, but the extent of that disregard is worth summarizing: although nearly all top officials of the Office of Economic Opportunity were invited to observe, none ventured to attend; Governor Rockefeller was also invited, but did not come or send a representative; nor did Senators Kennedy or Javits, or Syracuse Congressman Hanley; only one civil rights leader, George Wiley of CORE, was present; representatives from the national Citizens Crusade Against Poverty were also absent.

Of the poor who came, by Greyhound or chartered bus, or in the automobiles of their paid and unpaid organizers, nearly all proved their status as paupers by putting up with sleeping accommodations in the apartments of their fellow poor or on church floors. Many traveled to Syracuse on borrowed funds, some in borrowed clothes. Over the long weekend, a constant activity was passing the hat to assure that all would get home.

Home was chiefly the urban ghettos of New York, Buffalo, Newark, Detroit, Cleveland, Albany, Chicago and Lorraine, Ohio, but there were also contingents of the rural poor: a delegation of striking grape workers from Delano, Calif., under their magnetic leader, Cesar Chavez [see article by James Degnan, p. 151, this issue]; Arizona cotton pickers, freedom delegations from Plaquemine, La., a lone Nebraska Indian, a Mississippi Negro who had been activated to work in Cleveland by Students for a Democratic Society. Representatives of the Chicago Woodlawn Organization were in attendance, as was a group from Stryker's Bay on Manhattan's West Side. A dissident group came from an anti-poverty project in East Harlem and a large delegation from Mobilization for Youth on New York's Lower East Side. In Syracuse, ADC mothers from the Puerto Rican *barrios* of New York, aggrieved Negro migrants to the big cities from the rural South, exploited Mexican- and Filipino-Americans from the fields and vineyards, and hard-pressed Social Security

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pensioners from Harlem practiced "participatory democracy" with white liberals and SNCC radicals, black-liberation militants, social workers, young Catholic and Protestant clergymen, and grandmotherly Negro women demanding reparations for the former slaves' "400 years of unrequited labor."

What could they all possibly have in common, aside from their economic plight? The satiric criticism of Dick Gregory, on hand to entertain, turned on race, but the chief grievances of the delegates were not racial as the convention came to voice them.

To understand the objectives of the War Council, it is not necessary to beat time to the penny-whistle blues of "total participation"; one need only consider the attitudes toward the poor manifested by such men as Richard Walsh, who was elected Mayor of Syracuse after first serving as Onondaga County Welfare Commissioner. As Commissioner of Welfare, he played upon the public's hostility toward the poor to advance his career. Under his administration, benefits did not notably increase or proliferate, but punitive measures did. Single men applying for relief were either ridden out of town or taken to the county almshouse; married men on welfare were coerced into work-relief programs below the minimum wage if they were suspected as malingerers; families were put on food vouchers as a punishment for fornication, or even for "misspending" inadequate welfare allowances; unconstitutional "after-midnight" raids were conducted to detect the presence of men in the homes of ADC mothers. Case workers, forced to become frauds investigators, worked closely with the county D.A.'s office, regularly intimidating raided welfare clients into relinquishing their constitutional protection against self-incrimination. Even today, the Onondaga County Welfare Department, according to one observer, is characterized by a contempt for the rights of the recipient which is equaled only in some Southern states. It is at least clear that the system of practices that Mr. Walsh engineered and supports in Syracuse violates many of the standards set by the American Public Welfare Association.

Although Mayor Walsh is a trained social worker who likes to boast that he is still doing graduate work toward his Ph.D. in sociology, he said recently that agitation by the poor for reforms has been the cause of the recent upsurge of crime on the streets of Syracuse. Walsh's police force patrols the streets of the Syracuse Negro wards at night as if it were in Watts; indiscriminate stop-and-search procedures are regularly employed, and no active attempt has been made to recruit Negroes for the police. If Walsh has lately shown contempt for delegations of the poor organized by SCDA, he is at least consistent. It was Walsh — through his twin mouthpieces, the Goldwaterite *Post Standard* and the somewhat less antediluvian *Herald Journal* (both Newhouse papers)—who excoriated a small group of women who came to demand school clothing for their children from the county welfare office. They were, it was said, the ungrateful recipients of public charity. (It appears, ironically, that Mr. Walsh has received a sympathetic hearing from federal officials during the present controversy over SCDA, partly because he always makes himself available as an "expert" social worker to testify in Congress on rehabilitative legislation for the poor.)

But Mr. Walsh does not despise the welfare state. A middle-of-the-road Republican himself, he makes use of welfare-state powers to level Negro slums and to erect middle-income housing; to scatter the former residents of the ghettos without adequate relocation plans for what were once communities of people. Walsh—like many Americans—supports those aspects of the social-welfare state that suit his purposes.

For the poor to challenge the "poor house" assumption underpinning welfare statism in America is commonly regarded as worse than ingratitude. In one way or another, the poor have had to declare themselves defective in order to qualify for existing programs called Aid to the Disabled, Aid to Dependent Children, or Old Age Assistance. They are, therefore, not commonly endowed by administrators with rights; and that is precisely why Mayor Walsh and his various commissioners can treat their demands with contempt and condescension. How else is one to explain what happened when the delegation of nine welfare mothers, dissatisfied with their first meeting, descended again upon the county welfare office, this time accompanied by their organizers, to claim the school clothing which, according to state policies, is supposed to be standardized and uniform? They had previously been given varying amounts of money, according to their situations; they were now told that each would have to be interviewed "confidentially" to ascertain additional needs. But their further protests led only to arrests for trespassing on city property.

What happens in the Syracuse welfare system is endemic; it happens also in New York, Detroit and Cleveland. Nearly all the delegates to the Syracuse War Council with whom we spoke privately had the same unhappy relationship with institutions of social welfare, but few had been encouraged to do anything about it. Thus public welfare turned out to be the uninvited guest at the proceedings. It was nowhere listed on the formal agenda and only rarely came up at the various study meetings; but the fact that nobody volunteered to speak publicly of welfare did not make the deprivations it imposed, in infinite, painful variations, seem less real.

To the ADC mothers from Lorraine, Ohio, deprivation manifested itself in the bewildering way their benefits abruptly changed every month, raised for some and lowered for others, with no intelligible ex-

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planations being given. To the earnest young settlement-house priest from Albany, confused and angry, it was in a system which had to be embarrassed with mass demonstrations before it would distribute surplus foods to supplement an unusually low schedule of cash subsistence allowances. To a Buffalo recipient it was in a system which distributed stamps instead of cash for food, and would not allow the recipients to use stamps to purchase either beer or cigarettes. To the striking Delano grape pickers, it was in the refusal of the Tulare County Welfare Department to grant aid to hungry families on the ground that they could find work in the strike zone. They also told of attempts by Tulare Housing Authority officials to evict rent-striking tenants who were protesting their inadequate living conditions.

If the Syracuse tenants nursed grievances against a Housing Authority which practiced random evictions and often refused to provide services for tenants, the Mexican cotton workers from Arizona had apparently not yet met up with any such institution, for they were living in a collection of shacks, called Guadalupe, on the outskirts of Phoenix. When their homes were inundated by a flash flood, they were sent to the Salvation Army instead of being given county relief. Mr. Walsh may complain to the White House that OEO money is being used to "sponsor class warfare," but officials like him are the ones who help create the grievances from which such conflict springs.

One could go on enumerating the abuses, injustices and inadequacies which were elicited from this somewhat timid and reluctant clientele of the welfare state. Ultimately, these instances of abuse formed a selective view, a silhouette, of the part of the power structure that is immediately visible to the poor. Poverty councils speak of retraining and civil rights workers of job discrimination, but a young Negro from Cleveland told us: "Right after Christmas they just cut a whole lot of us off welfare without anything," and a delegate from Mississippi told how you had to "sell your house, your car, just about everything you owned before they would give you welfare, and then it wasn't ever worth it." "I don't want your welfare," screamed one angry black militant, as if receiving welfare were a degradation every bit as real to him as Jim Crow. A social worker reported that welfare recipients in Syracuse were kept so ignorant of their rights that only a handful of them used the formal appeals procedures available to them under law. Even when there were no complaints which could be brought against welfare policies, there were continual grudging assertions by the poor: "It's not enough. . . ." "It's not the way to treat people." "They'd rather not give it out if they can help it. . . ." "They threaten you if you got a man in the house." "If they [the housing project managers] find paper on the ground with your name on it more than once they will fine you $5." "They tell you to buy school clothing for your boy and then they give you $5." "They [in Arizona] won't give us anything for our families when we earn more than $5 a day in the cotton fields." A young Negro from Syracuse, whose large family required supplementary financial assistance even though he was fully employed, told us: "I never knew I had a right to get anything. . . ."

But if their sordid and insecure dealings with the social-welfare state were the chief interest which skilled grape pickers and unskilled ADC mothers seemed to have in common, the poor were not told what to do about it. They were not told that attorneys could be used to compel welfare officials to provide lawful benefits. Indeed, some of the organizers who accompanied the poor seemed hesitant to urge such tactics lest they induce an even greater dependency among those who were already defined as overdependent. Because of SCDA's attacks upon the welfare state, some significant changes in government practice have begun to occur in Syracuse; but, in general, most delegates from other areas seemed unable to outline similar strategies of social action. It was as if the poor and their militant allies chose to believe that the despised welfare state might some day wither away, when the evidence mounts that it becomes a more powerful influence over the lives of the poor with each passing week.

To the extent that the War Council did not confront that fact squarely, it can be said that this meeting of the dissenting poor—for all its impressive and orderly procedures, tactics and proclamations — failed to produce a strategy that could transform a dissident faction into an effective movement. At Syracuse speakers called for the unification of "the urban poor with the rural poor in a national campaign." Unless the battle plan includes some such frontal attack upon the "American way of public welfare," the campaign may be ambushed *en marche* by a computerized society.

Monopoly in the Vineyards

The 'Grapes of Wrath' Strike . . . James P. Degnan

Delano, Calif.

For most of his 38 years Cesar Chavez, the quiet, intelligent and articulate Mexican-American who leads and inspires the striking grape pickers of the San Joaquin Valley, has been an agricultural worker in California. This means that Chavez, like the 500,000 other agricultural workers in California and uncounted thousands more all over America, has worked for an industry (in California, it is the biggest industry) that pays its workers about one-sixth the yearly income of other industrial workers, that recognizes no minimum wage, that offers no holidays, vacations, sick leave, unemployment insurance or pension plan; that grants no over-

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time, that regularly violates the child labor laws, and that denies the right to bargain collectively.

For most of his life Chavez has worked for the only industry in America exempted from the Labor Relations Act of 1947 (Taft-Hartley) and from the jurisdiction of the National Labor Relations Board; he has worked, in short, for the only industry that has been untouched by the social legislation of the last thirty years, and by the responsibilities that the United States for a generation has insisted must attend the right to profit from the labor of others.

And until last year, when California finally ended its importation of foreign labor—the Bracero Program—Cesar Chavez and the others like him in California worked for the only industry which has demanded that the government supply it with a captive foreign-labor force when American citizens have refused to accept the appalling wages and conditions that industrial farming offered them. (The scandal of the Bracero Program is well known, but it might be well to recall its essentials. Mexican nationals, because they are cheap, mobile and captive, were imported with the government's blessing to do the agricultural work that belonged to Americans; the Americans, jobless, often went on welfare, for which the taxpayer paid. Then the braceros returned to Mexico, taking almost all of their American wages with them; after all, American money goes twice as far in Mexico. Thus, the economy was hurt; the taxpayer was needlessly soaked; and the agricultural businessman profited. That the outrageous Bracero Program lasted as long as it did is testimony to the influence that a relatively few California businessmen and land monopolists exert over both state and national government.)

Son of an Arizona landowner, farmer and rancher, Chavez came to California during the great depression, when his father lost his land. Like so many in that period, the Chavez family became migrant laborers in the *Grapes of Wrath* pattern. Cesar, his mother and father, his five brothers and sisters, lived in a succession of tents and hovels and trailers, surviving at times on $1.25 a day. "Usually we had shoes," says Cesar's brother, Richard, "but there were times—I remember in 1939—that we went to school barefoot." As for school, the Chavez boys got more than most migrants of their time; they went through the 8th grade, after being in and out of more than thirty-two grade schools in their migrant life.

During World War II, Cesar Chavez served in the Navy. On home leave in Delano, Calif., in 1944, he attended the local movie house and was arrested for sitting in the "White Only" section. "Cesar kind of laughed off the local arrest," says Richard, "what really hurt him was when he went back to his base and got company punishment too."

Throughout his life, Chavez has entertained one ambition: to help his people, the Mexican-American agricultural laborers, attain first-class citizenship. Between jobs as an agricultural laborer, he has worked with groups like the Community Service Organization — designed to improve the welfare of the Mexican-American poor — and with social workers such as Saul Alinsky and Fred Ross. Two years ago, Chavez organized the National Farm Workers Association (NFWA), a group which last September, along with the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AWOC)—mainly Filipinos—began the longest agricultural strike in California's history and perhaps the most important agricultural strike in America's history.

Written off at first by Joe Brosmer, chief spokesman for the grape growers against whom the strike is directed in the Delano-Earlimart area of the San Joaquin Valley, as "another fly-by-night operation, something that will be over as soon as the outside agitators that started it get tired of the game they're playing and go home," the strike has endured for almost five months and has achieved some notable successes. Although the strikers have failed as yet to gain their major, incredibly modest goals—$1.40 an hour instead of $1.20, an incentive wage of 25c a box instead of the present 10c, and, most important, the right to union recognition and collective bargaining—nevertheless, the strikers have succeeded, with the help of various religious, labor and civil rights groups, in leaving thousands of dollars' worth of Delano grapes to rot on the vines, or to be mauled (and thus ruined for the best markets) by the clumsy picking of imported strikebreakers; in establishing a nation-wide boycott against Delano grapes and against Schenley products (the Schenley ranch is one of the biggest the strikers are fighting); in preventing, with the help of rank-and-file longshoremen, the shipment abroad from San Francisco of many thousands of dollars' worth of grapes from the DiGiorgio Corporation ranches; and in gaining the verbal and financial support of Walter Reuther and his United Auto Workers.

And the strikers' future isn't entirely bleak. First-hand accounts indicate that the strikebreakers — most of whom have been imported from Mexico and Texas (many illegally, according to Border Patrol observation) and few of whom are trained grape workers—are making a mess of pruning the grapes now that the picking is over. From the grape growers' point of view, pruning is more important economically than picking. Further, and more encouraging to the grape strikers, citrus workers at a recent meeting at Strathmore, Calif., indicated that they may soon join the strike.

The successes of the strikers have been hard won. Consider, for example, the difficulty of picketing. "Picketing in an agricultural strike," one striker said, "is like picketing an industrial plant that has 2,000 entrance gates and is 40 square miles large." Added to this, the pickets from the first month of the strike have been beaten, sprayed with blinding sulphur, shot at, assaulted with automobiles and tractors, and arrested by the truckloads. In October, for example, forty-four unionists and nine ministers were arrested for shouting *Huelga* (Strike) to the mostly Spanish-speaking scabs. Discrimination against and harassment of the strikers by the local authorities got so bad that in November the California Attorney General's office investigated, after which the most outrageous incidents, e.g., refusal of the district attorney to consider complaints of the strikers, the setting of high bail for strikers, and the releasing of growers on their own recognizance, somewhat subsided. After the arrest of the unionists and ministers, a local judge issued an order stating that pickets could assemble, but in groups no larger than five and that they should confine their *Huelgas* to conversational tones. The pickets could not, of course, enter the grape fields where the strikebreakers were working; and when one considers that

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most of the picking was far off the roads and toward the center of the fields, the effect of this prohibition becomes evident.

Nevertheless, the strikers hung on. While the teamsters freely crossed their picket lines, the strikers picketed grape-loading operations in Delano; and in San Francisco, grape strikers, along with rank-and-file longshoremen, kept the grapes from being loaded for foreign markets. So successful were the strikers that in December the DiGiorgio Corporation was moved to get an injunction against all picketing operations; as yet, no hearing has been held to determine whether the injunction will stand. Lawyers who have been consulted believe that the injunction would never hold up in a higher court, that it clearly violates the rights of freedom of assembly and speech. But such invalid injunctions are common strikebreaking instruments; by the time they have been declared unconstitutional, strikes are often broken.

The endurance and relative success of the strike are a tribute to the organizing skill of Cesar Chavez. "Chavez didn't want this strike," a sympathetic organizer confides; "he would have waited a year or more until he could build up a war chest and until he could make the NFWA what he wants it to be. But when the Filipinos in AWOC struck, Chavez had no alternative but to go along with them."

Chavez's NFWA is more a welfare cooperative than a labor union. For $3.50 a month the 2,000 member families get a wide variety of services. They borrow from the NFWA credit union which has grown from $37 to considerably more than $30,000 in two years; they participate in the benefits of a cooperative food store, drugstore, service station, all of whose profits go to a workers' welfare fund; they have their own newspaper, burial insurance program, and grievance committee to investigate job misrepresentation and to file state welfare claims for illiterate members. The NFWA bails people out of jail, provides legal help, helps bring relatives to the United States, and files income tax returns for families earning about $2,000 annually (there are few such families in NFWA).

Sargent Shriver was so impressed with the NFWA that, before the strike, he had selected it to administer a $267,000 anti-poverty grant. Chavez and Shriver later agreed that the grant should be held in escrow until the strike was over. Since that decision, though, the NFWA newspaper, *El Malcriado*, says that the big growers have ordered their representatives in Washington to put on pressure; and it now looks as though the grant may be dissolved entirely. As *El Malcriado* says, this is another instance of the enormous landowner power. Once the growers got to Harlan Hagen (a liberal Congressman and once a champion of Chavez), the paper reports, he suddenly decided that Chavez was unworthy of the anti-poverty grant. But whatever the politicians and growers may think of him, the people will stick by Chavez and may very well win their demands and begin a new era for the agricultural worker in America.

Some major questions lie behind the Delano grape strike, questions occasionally raised but seldom satisfactorily answered. Why is it, for example, that the biggest industry in the state of California, an industry that last year enjoyed direct receipts of $3.6 billion, should so adamantly refuse even to discuss agricultural unions? Why is it that certain growers are willing to pay strikebreakers wages three and four times higher than the strikers are asking as a maximum? Does the farm industry fear declining profits? Hardly. It has been estimated by the Department of Labor that the cost of field labor to the California grower is only 2c to 5c on the dollar, depending on the crop. And, as Willard Wirtz has pointed out, even if growers doubled wages, they could pass on the increase to the consumer without raising prices very much. On a head of lettuce, for example, Mr. Wirtz estimates that such an increase would amount to about 1c.

Why then the bitter obduracy of the California growers? And which growers take this attitude? The most vehement opposition to unions comes from the richest and biggest growers, landowners like the DiGiorgio Corporation, Kern County Land, and the California Growers Association. Many of the smaller growers are actually in favor of the union; and a few have quietly helped Chavez and the NFWA. Chris Bergthold is such a grower. "For me and growers like me," Bergthold says, "there is no labor problem, because we are farmers,

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not absentee land speculators. We live on the land and work it ourselves; paying our help a decent wage is not much of a problem. After all, we don't need thousands of wage slaves."

"The major opposition to agricultural unions in this state comes from the giants, the land monopolists—the DiGiorgios, Kern County Land, Southern Pacific Railroad, the Tejon Ranch, and a few others who own practically half the state," says Dr. Paul Taylor, emeritus professor of economics at the University of California, and one of the nation's leading authorities on land tenure and agricultural water policies.

"Since early in California's history, land monopolists have needed a flooded labor market, some kind of slave-labor situation to maintain their empires," Dr. Taylor says. "The land monopolists have always been afraid of labor because labor has been traditionally their only real opposition. Why, a really effective farm and urban labor movement here with power in Washington could bring about a series of Congressional investigations that might be the beginning of the end for these monopolies."

When Walter Reuther spoke at Delano some weeks ago, the main substance of his talks was that he intended to call for a Congressional investigation of California land monopoly. It is interesting that not one major California newspaper or television station even mentioned this aspect of Reuther's speeches.

Corroborating Dr. Taylor, Henry Anderson, editor of *Farm Labor*, a journal that supports the small farmer against the land monopolists, writes that the amount of land owned by the monopolists is "impressive but the aggregation of economic power to which these landowners are tied through interlocking directorates is a great deal more impressive still." Anderson points out that Kern County Land, which owns 1,800,000 acres, has common directorates with Pacific Gas and Electric, Crocker-Anglo National Bank, Pacific Paper Products and several major economic powers. As for DiGiorgio Corporation, its directorate interlocks with the Pacific Gas and Electric, Pacific Telephone and Telegraph, Bank of California, Union Oil, Fireman's Fund Insurance, in, to quote Anderson, "a relationship so close that it is rare even in the world of higher capitalism; DiGiorgio has four directors in common with the Bank of America." Anderson also notes that the enormous California Packing Corporation has four directors in common with Wells Fargo Bank, second only to Bank of America as California's biggest farm financer.

These alliances illuminate the complaint of migrant minister James Drake, an aide of Cesar Chavez: "The little growers really want to help us with the strike; but they say if they dare recognize the union they better not try to get loans for next year's crop."

Dr. Taylor points out other instances of how California's huge landowners and growers regularly violate the spirit and letter of laws designed to prevent land monopoly. Federal reclamation law, for example, upon which Dr. Taylor as a one-time consultant for the Bureau of Reclamation is an expert, was designed by Theodore Roosevelt to guarantee (in Dr. Taylor's words) "that every dollar spent to reclaim land was spent to build up the small man of the West and prevent the big man, East or West, coming in and monopolizing the water and land." To achieve this, the law prohibits distribution of federally subsidized water to individual holdings in excess of 160 acres, unless the owner signs a recordable contract to sell the excess within ten years at a price which doesn't include the increment due to cheap subsidized water. "DiGiorgio signed one of these things in 1952 and when he put the land up for sale in 1964 it was so high nobody even bid on it. And if that's not a violation of the reclamation law, I don't know what is," says Dr. Taylor.

Dr. Taylor also points out that the Interior Department is getting ready to effect another huge water giveaway if it isn't stopped in this session of Congress: "The Westlands Water Project involves $500 million worth of construction to supply cheap subsidized water to an area in which only 30 per cent of the land is eligible to receive such water." Dr. Taylor documents this by showing that in the area to be served by the water project, thirty-six landowners hold 750,000 acres of irrigable land. None of the holders has less than 5,000 acres. "No recordable contracts have been signed in this area, and none is expected to be unless Gaylord Nelson, Paul Douglas, Wayne Morse and a few other interested Senators and Congressmen can come through in this session."

If Dr. Taylor and others like him are right, what started out as a hassle over 20c an hour may prove to be a much more expensive and interesting quarrel.

SANTO DOMINGO
LABYRINTH OF POLICY . . . . . Tony Mockler

Santo Domingo

"Feep" is a new word in the vocabulary of the Dominican Republic that baffles the recent arrival. He hears it on all sides, both in Spanish conversation and in English. Is it, he wonders, a type of vehicle or perhaps a new soft drink? Finally an old hand, chuckling a little at the naïveté, will explain that "Feep" is in fact "FIP"—the Fuerza Interamericana de la Paz—and then the newcomer will understand why he has heard the expression so often. For the FIP, the 10,000-man body of OAS troops composed almost entirely of the 82nd Airborne Division, is everywhere. Its soldiers patrol the city, break up demonstrations, escort important personages here and there and show quite clearly that in the last resort they are the one military force in the country that really counts.

A few nights ago the commander of the FIP, the Brazilian General Alvim, gave a farewell cocktail party

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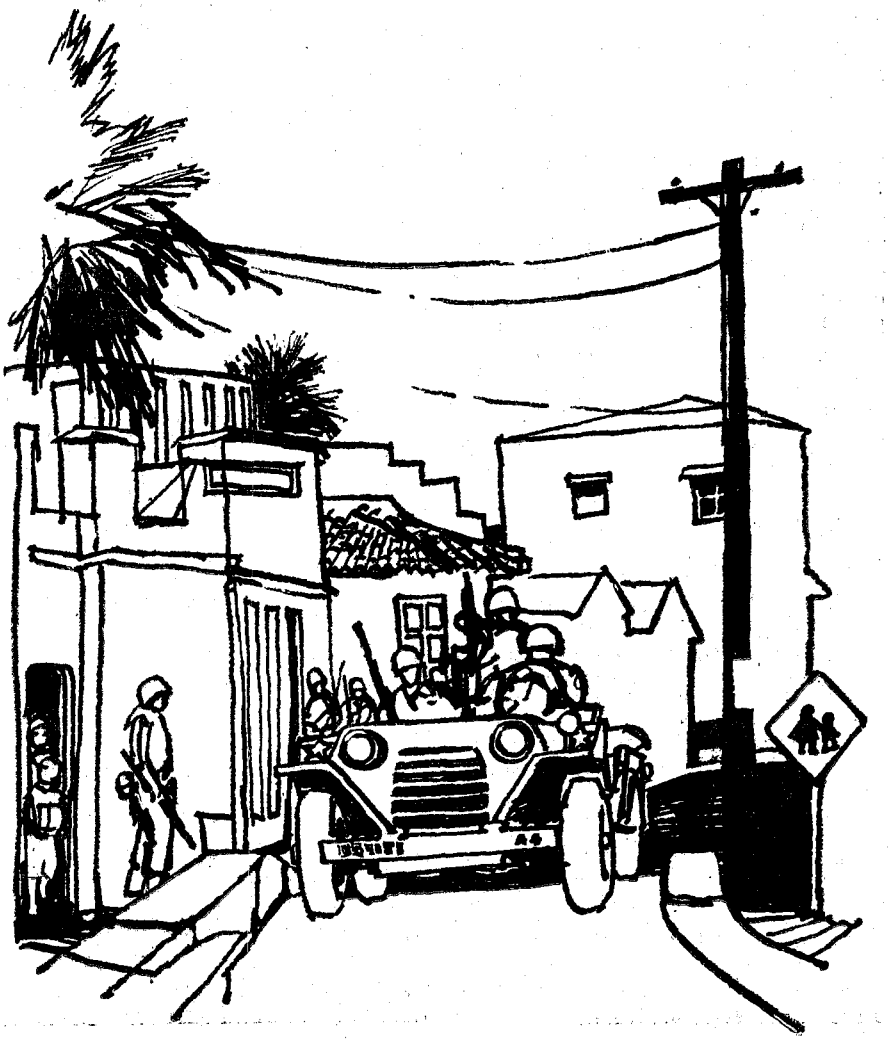
at the Hotel Jacaragua in Santo Domingo which the force has taken over as its headquarters. It was also a farewell party for his second in command, U.S. General Palmer, who had commanded the American troops in the days, last spring, before the FIP existed. The tour of duty of both generals was about to end. It was an interesting occasion: General Alvim, short and plump, but formidable looking, walked to and fro among his guests. Two of the three members of the OAS *ad hoc* commission, whose duty and privilege it is to give "political direction" to FIP, propped up the bar —the third and by far the most important member, the veteran American diplomat Ellsworth Bunker, was not present. A yard or two away, filling in what would otherwise have been no man's land, the American Ambassador, Tapley Bennett, was talking to the British Ambassador. And a yard or two away from them a mixed group of Dominican and American officers and their wives were sitting at a long table and enjoying themselves with gusto and camaraderie. At the bottom of the table sat General Palmer and halfway down it sat two of the five generals who lead the Dominican armed forces — Rivera Camineiro and Emilio Jimenez. "Take a good look at that," said one onlooker. "Can you honestly imagine the FIP making any move against the Dominican army? Well, can you?"

Any experiment with a mixed international force is bound to be perilous, as the United Nations found to its cost in the Congo. Powers and the chain of command are not clearly defined, and the military vie with the civilians for actual control of operations. The Dominican Republic is by way of being the Congo of the OAS: it is the first occasion when the OAS has mounted a military peace-keeping operation, and what seemed to be an excellent idea at the start may prove to be a ghastly failure. On the surface any comparison between the two operations is ridiculous: the UN force was composed of contingents from small and very different nations, only too liable to act in accordance with what each commander considered to be his nation's interest or policy. The FIP is composed of small groups from four Central American countries, a moderate group from Brazil, and an enormous group from the United States. It would therefore be only reasonable to expect that the FIP would remain a direct instrument of U.S. policy. This has not proved to be the case, though up to now there has been no disastrous clash.

The Dominican civil war broke out on April 24, 1965; American troops were sent in four days later, to protect civilian lives and to make sure that "Communist elements" on the anti-military or constitutionalist side did not take over the rebellion and lead it to success. This return to the diplomacy of the big stick after the hopeful days of the later Kennedy era aroused a storm of protest, both inside and outside the United States. On May 3, Washington asked other American states to help keep the peace in the Dominican Republic. And on May 6, the Tenth Reunion of the Foreign Ministers of the OAS approved by a vote of 14 to 5, with one abstention, the setting up of the FIP. The OAS asked the Brazilian Government to name a commander, and two weeks later General Alvim arrived in Santo Domingo.

No doubt the "Inter-American Peace Force" sounded better in international circles than the appallingly blunt "82nd Airborne Division"; but no doubt also the U.S. Government thought it would control the reality behind the title. However, it soon became apparent that General Alvim was no puppet. On the contrary, he took his position and his authority extremely seriously and left no doubt that it was he who would decide how and where the FIP should be used. At the time, the worries of the U.S. Government and the preoccupations of General Alvim coincided: the danger was still thought to be a Communist takeover of the Dominican Republic; the "enemy" was thought to be the constitutionalists, while the cooperative Dominican regular forces were the "friendlies." In mid-June the FIP, which had established a zone to keep the two sides apart, was involved in a bloody clash with the constitutionalists, and the troops



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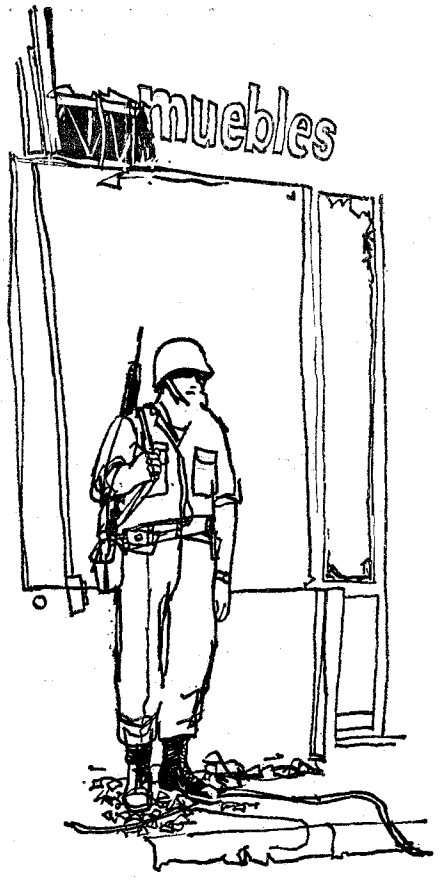
certainly thought they knew who the enemies were. Naturally enough, they were those who had fired on them, those who had killed some of their comrades.

United States policy began to change when Ellsworth Bunker and his two associates on the OAS three-man committee finally, after weeks of negotiation, produced for the provisional Presidency a candidate who was acceptable to both the generals and the constitutionalists. The Act of Reconciliation and the Institutional Act of September 3, which set up the provisional government of Hector Garcia-Godoy, a middle-of-the-road professional diplomat, were signed by five generals on the one hand and by the constitutionalist leaders on the other. The acts were not signed by the leader whom the United States had set up earlier in the spring, General Imbert Barreras, but by then Imbert Barreras had become an embarrassment to his sponsors. His funds were cut off, and he was quietly ignored. President Garcia-Godoy took over, with the official backing of both the OAS and the U.S., and the unofficial support of Mr. Bunker. His main task was to stay in office, administer affairs, and preferably offend nobody until the elections, which are due to be held on June 1 of this year. One month after the elections, the provisional President will hand over power to his democratically elected successor, whereupon peace and order will flourish in the Dominican Republic. Such at least is the theory.

The new regime got off to an encouraging start. The most hated general of all, Elias Wessin y Wessin, was hustled out of the country in a *coup de main* arranged by Mr. Bunker, with the apparent help of General Alvim. Two weeks later, Juan Bosch returned from his exile in Puerto Rico, to the acclaims of the populace and the joy of the constitutionalist leaders, who had set off the April revolt with a call for his return.

The generals did not openly protest, though they must have been uneasy at the turn of events. For them Bosch, the only elected President that the country has had in more than thirty years, was no better than a rabble rouser; they had imagined that the Americans too thought him a Communist or at least a fellow traveler. And yet he was permitted to re-enter the country while one of



their fellow generals was thrown out. What game were the Americans playing? But for the moment the generals held their hand. Two provisions in the Act of Reconciliation interested them. The first was that the rebel constitutionalist soldiers should be "reintegrated" in the armed forces, and the second was that the arms held by civilians in Santo Domingo should be handed in. Originally the rebels had refused to give up their arms as long as Wessin y Wessin remained. Now Wessin y Wessin was gone.

In mid-October the situation in the Ciudad Nueva, the downtown stronghold of the constitutionalists, was very tense. It was not helped by the murder of a former right-wing Minister of the Interior, Severo Cabral, who had too boldly returned to claim his house in the district. The constitutionalist soldiers were being moved out to a camp on the other side of the river, regular soldiers were being moved in, and a halfhearted arms search was being conducted on orders from President Garcia-Godoy. On the night of October 18, Colonel Caamaño moved his constitutionalist troops back into the city, fearing a military attack. Under constitutionalist pressure Garcia-Godoy modified his search plan: three days later the last batch of constitutionalist soldiers finally left for the camp where they have been ever since. A few arms had been collected — "*muchas* bazookas," the President is reported to have claimed—but nobody was fooled. Obviously the idea of reintegrating the rebel soldiers with the regular army was now shelved, and the civil population were — very wisely from their point of view—keeping their arms tucked safely away. They have them still.

But for the generals and their right-wing supporters it was a time of rage. They were getting from the new government none of the advantages that they had expected when they signed the acts that set it up. On October 25, a wave of assassinations and other acts of terrorism began throughout the country; they have continued sporadically ever since, and the victims have almost invariably been members of Bosch's political party. On the same day Garcia-Godoy, fearing a military attack on the Ciudad Nueva, appealed for the FIP to take over. It swept through the zone, causing five deaths in the process. As a result the American intervention became less popular than ever—even though this time its political motives were less suspect. This period culminated in an attempt by the regular military to kill off all the constitutionalist leaders at one blow, an attempt as ruthless in conception as it was feeble in execution. On December 19, Colonel Caamaño and more than a hundred constitutionalist leaders went to the second city of the country, Santiago, for a memorial service in honor of one of their dead comrades. They were about to sit down to the memorial breakfast in the Hotel Matum, after the ceremony at the graveyard, when the hotel was attacked by four tanks and 400 troops. The battle raged for seven hours until troops of the FIP, arriving rather tardily from their nearby camp, separated the two sides. Had the attack succeeded, the generals would presumably have ousted Garcia-Godoy and taken over the government.

But the attack failed; it electrified the whole country and it is certain that Mr. Bunker and his colleagues were appalled by the attempt. From then on the generals rather than the Communists have been the ogres of the Dominican Republic. On January 3, Garcia-Godoy broadcast a speech to the nation that blamed no-

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body. Constitutionalist leaders furiously called this "a legalization of crime." Two days later Garcia-Godoy made his now famous decision to send top military leaders from both sides to diplomatic posts abroad. It seems that this was Garcia-Godoy's own decision, made without the approval, perhaps even without the knowledge, of Mr. Bunker. But once it was made, the OAS council came out with a specific declaration of support for the decision and the U.S. Government reiterated its general backing for Garcia-Godoy's government. Six constitutionalist officers (though not the two leaders) flew to their new posts on January 11; but the generals show no signs of going, and have refused to accept the President's orders.

At the moment of writing the stalemate is continuing, and this is where the FIP may act as the sword that cuts its wielder's hand. The FIP was set up by an OAS vote of 14 to 5, but among the five opposing its creation were Chile and Mexico, while the fourteen who voted for it included the most right-wing states of Latin America. Whatever the terms of the resolution may have been, the much-trumpeted danger at that time was of "another Cuba," and there can have been little doubt in anybody's mind as to the side the FIP would be more neutral to. Between using a force such as the FIP against "the rabble" and using it against right-wing generals and the regular army of a Latin American republic, there is all the difference in the world—particularly in the eyes of other right-wing generals and regular armies. Marshal Castelo Branco, ruler of Brazil, has the reputation of being a moderate; nonetheless, it appears that he unofficially informed General Alvim that if one regular Dominican soldier was killed by the FIP, General Alvim would do well to remain abroad.

Not that a Brazilian general or any other Latin American general in such a position would need much restraining. There would be qualms of conscience even among U.S. officers at an order to move against the regular Dominican forces. Political acuteness cannot reasonably be expected of military men; loyalty and a desire for outward order, two of the most important military virtues, inevitably lead the military men of the FIP to sympathize with the generals and their followers. If, however, it was a question of a U.S. force operating directly under U.S. control, the sympathy would still exist but it would almost certainly not affect action. Orders are orders. But within the FIP it is a real question whether OAS orders are orders or not; what is certain is that the U.S. Government can give no direct orders to the 82nd Airborne Division. It must work through the OAS, and the OAS has to work through the three-man committee. But here the bugbear of all international peace forces occurs: the three-man committee can give "political direction" to the FIP, but military control remains in the hands of its commander.

And who is to define when precisely political direction infringes military control? It is an open secret that relations between Ellsworth Bunker and General Alvim have deteriorated recently; the FIP has never directly refused to carry out a suggested move, but its commanders have certainly dragged their feet, and a direct clash may come soon. Garcia-Godoy relies entirely on U.S. support; neither of the two sides in the civil war loves him, no political group supports him, and he has the backing of no class or interest in Dominican society. One of his aides was heard addressing Ellsworth Bunker recently as "Mr. President"—an understandable slip of the tongue. Garcia-Godoy is not precisely a puppet, but take away American support, and he would be lucky to keep office for twenty-four hours. And actual, physical American support consists of the FIP—or did consist of the FIP until the present open clash between Garcia-Godoy and the generals. Now no one can be sure which way the FIP will jump.

But it may be that in the end there won't be a clash; that in the game of bluff Mr. Bunker will win, and the generals will agree to go quietly to an embassy exile that will certainly be pleasant and very possibly be short. What of the Dominican Republic then? Will it proceed quietly to free and democratic elections on June 1?

Skeptics believe that it will not; they believe that the U.S. Government, or possibly the Pentagon, or possibly the CIA, will do everything they can to create an atmosphere in which elections will be impossible, particularly if Juan Bosch is a candidate and shows signs of being successful. Others, rather confusingly, claim that elections are not required — "*Constitución sí: elecciones no*" is scrawled on many walls. This is what might be described as the "pure constitutionalist" position: that Bosch is still, subsequent coups notwithstanding, the legal President of the Dominican Republic and will remain so until his term of office expires in 1967. Bosch himself appears not to be pressing this point. I asked him recently whether elections would be held: "It depends on American policy makers," he said. "The future of our people is in the hands of American policy makers and I don't think they, themselves, know where they are going. . . . We are dealing now with the elephant, an elephant scared of a little rat, and we can expect anything." Bosch was particularly bitter about Thomas Mann, whose influence as President Johnson's adviser on Latin American affairs he sees as thoroughly pernicious. About his own future he was dubious: "I do not want to be President. I have not the temperament to be an American servant."

And yet the general opinion is that if it comes to elections the two candidates, and the only two candidates, will be Bosch and another former President, Balaguer. Balaguer was President under slightly different circumstances—at the end of the Trujillo era, to be precise—but though he served the tyrant loyally, he is himself a cultured and mild figure who is expected to gain conservative support from all those, including peasants, who are suspicious of any drastic change. To borrow his opponent's phrase, Balaguer has the temperament to be an American servant. It should not be forgotten that Trujillo for almost thirty ferocious years was, if not an American servant, at least a loyal ally—and when he went too far and on his own initiative attempted to have Betancourt of Venezuela assassinated, his own days were numbered. It would not be extravagant to suppose that some American policy makers look back with nostalgia to the Trujillo era when the Dominican Republic was not the problem it has since become. American policy since April 24 has clearly veered among very different solutions; and if at the moment the emphasis is on a democratic solution, continuing vigilance will still be the price of its freedom.

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Sob-Sister Gothic

IN COLD BLOOD. By Truman Capote. Random House. 343 pp. $5.95.

Sol Yurick

Writers will have much to thank Truman Capote for. Leading celebrants of the "subjective" life, such as Selby, Pynchon and Heller have been shown the way. Legions of poets will scan newspapers instead of lines, seeking the coordinates of truth!

Actually, taken by itself (aside from a still uncured tendency to rodomontade), *In Cold Blood* is not a bad book. It is better than the usual police reportage, fast moving, melodramatic, suspenseful in the way of its genre, even a little artful. But it is impossible to dissociate *In Cold Blood* from the claims its author and publisher are making for it: that it is a new art form and, as such, represents a higher objectivity. Capote's establishment of the new art form reminds one of those special 3-pound weight classes which are staked out in boxing from time to time to fatten the take: junior lightweight; senior bantamweight. Capote's first defense of his new title is successful: we are told Oscar Lewis has written a documentary, ". . . an *impure* form . . ." (italics added); poor Lillian Ross only managed to write a novella; Daniel Defoe's *Journal of The Plague Year* certainly wasn't poetic enough; Meyer Levin wrote a novel "suggested" by fact; and as for those thirty or more a year case studies in the annals of aberrant crime, forget it; the Dreisers, the Farrells, the Algrens—they are not in it at all. The *minnesinger* of engineer reality wins in a stylish walk.

And it turns out that what we are really witnessing is a kind of morality play: the conversion of Truman Capote who, turning away from the sinful, the decadent, the tumid prose pathologic, comes into the clear and healthful air of the world of objectivity and, at the same time, throws open new markets of opportunity by the example of his redemption. He also manages to save the moribund novel which has priced itself out of the market with too much exotic experimentation.

Sol Yurick is the author of the novels, The Warriors *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston) and* Fertig, *soon to be published by Trident Press.*

As for the higher objectivity — we are to be persuaded that it is reportage shotgun-wed to poetics. How beguiled we are by the thought of the lived or witnessed experience; what paeans our dust jackets sing to that author who has lived the rich, full life as ritually exemplified by homage to the *Dictionary of Occupational Titles*. But the critics are demonstrating a deplorable lack of homework in the history of literature and psychology when they respond enthusiastically to this book: we should expect as much from fans of the *Reader's Digest*. The dramatic distillation of this vast assemblage of data (trunks full, we are assured) follows the paths of mythic selection dictated by the stylebook of *New Yorker* fact pieces. And Capote's choice of detail is more influenced by *The Folk-Motif Index*, or amateur readings in Jung's moonshine of the racial unconscious than by any disinterested resolution of social forces. If you accuse Capote of distortion, he can plead the novelist's license; if you point out that Perry Smith's dreams of a poisonous diamond tree defended by a snake is lifted out of mythology and worse, parlor Freud — or that the godlike giant parrot is cribbed from Flaubert's *A Simple Heart*—his defense will be reportage: *the man said it.*

Capote's first section, "The last to see them alive," shows how, that dramatic night, the Clutters' destiny intersected with the destiny of the killers, Perry Smith and Richard Hickock. It is done in the best tradition of newspaper sob sisterism wedded to Southern Gothic prose. Each section ends on a doom-note hooker as he switches back and forth from the innocent family going about its business to the approaching killers. "Then, touching the brim of his cap, he headed for home and the day's work, unaware that it would be his last." "A bookmark lay between its pages, a stiff piece of watered silk upon which an admonition had been embroidered: 'Take ye heed, watch and pray: for you know not when the time is.'" "I can't imagine you afraid. No matter what would happen, you'd talk your way out of it." Why go on? Objective? It is "little-did-they-think" writing, fat with portent. Possibly the enthusiastic response is due to years of conditioning by newspaper reportage: At last! a recognizable form, you don't have to work to recognize reality—it's like you see in the newspapers all the time. And like the newspaper approach, the poverty of Capote's "new" art form is appalling, the shallowness stupefying. This is a man who gives us the stunning psychological metaphor, ". . . the criminal mind. . . ." As they say on the radio: "Make this simple test." Read any newspaper or magazine account of Capote's *In Cold Blood*, then read the book: you will not learn one new thing; you will even have been given all the worth-while lines. A work of art should, presumably, continue to shape our easy acceptance of the world, make us see in new ways, create new metaphors with which to view the world: new art should go beyond engineer reality.

This higher objectivity consists of such factual sentences as ". . . the left eye being truly serpentine, with a venomous, sickly-blue squint that although it was involuntarily acquired, seemed nevertheless to warn of bitter sediment at the bottom of his nature." How wonderful that any accident should adapt itself to the eternal verity of a thing, how right for the world is that "nevertheless." ". . . from first footfall to final silence, flawlessly devised," a fine formation of a florid phrase! One compares it with Lillian Ross's masterly understatement, or with Hubert Selby's restrained catalogue of horrors, the very impersonality of which raises any "truly serpentine eye" from a prosaic given to a poetic fact.

How Capote excels at the list! He enumerates, piling up detail, taking care to shed the aura of doom on artifact so that each item acquires enormous pathos and drips sentimentality. This kind of emotion amplification serves to make one weep over crumpled tissues; pie baking becomes a footnote to the short life of man, what a weak vessel is he; tears are baked in with the cherries. To be sure, after the first section, Capote's prose lavenders more lightly; itinerary, document, presumable interview are more in evidence; but he reprises at the end with an underplayed crescendo of tear-jerking effects, giving us a sheriff's elegy in a country graveyard where the Clutters are buried. Naturalism decays into case history. Case

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history's half-life becomes decadence, a concern with the emotional charging of literary ornaments, not substance: the sought after effect is the vicarious charge, the tear. This is where we came in: it is still that unreconstructed devil, Capote, not too far off from his earliest ventures. We are still in the presence of Huysmans, not Huntley-Brinkley. The implications for American Fiction are bad because it argues, more and more, a turning away from the recognizably fictional modes not because they are presumably less true but less marketable, less emotion provoking. Capote is in the forefront fleeing the subjective life. But is he?

"*In Cold Blood* is remarkable for its objectivity — nowhere, despite his involvement, does the author intrude," Mr. Plimpton informs us in *The New York Times*. Nonsense. One of the most studied *omissions* of the history is the role Capote played in the life of the killers. He tells us with pride that he disdains mechanical recording instruments because they cause a distortion of the interview—that he has trained himself to have 95 per cent memory retention. I won't doubt his word at all. I will suspend belief and accept that the killers said what Capote remembers they said. But how much of their words were, nevertheless, Capote's art and none of their own? Any interviewer has an effect on the interviewed; there is always a subconscious effort to please the questioner, to give him what he wants. Guidance comes in the form of subliminal hints: facial gestures, hand movements denoting approval or disapproval, the very diction of questioning conditions and cues. The interrogatory moral-seeking words of one reporter are useful as response to the next breathless inside-story seeker. Here is Heisenberg's uncertainty principle in action; observation alters the observed. Hitherto illiterate prisoners respond in categories of humility, piety, absurdity, and begin to sound like Dostoevskian heroes on the verge of an epiphany. Prisoners learn their literary style on the edge of the gallows.

And where there has been, admittedly, as in Capote's case, *excessive* involvement, preoccupation, breathless obsession—a whole vicarious involvement is hinted at — what room and time there was for a leisurely programing of the prisoners in the use of ironic moral overtones, reportorial portentousness: remember, Capote was in touch with them, personally and by mail, for years: he was present at their execution. Capote didn't have to be afraid of tape recorders after all; the prisoners buried the evidence of what they were and forgot about it. Why does Capote leave himself out of it? He is one of the prime actors. Lillian Ross wasn't afraid to include herself in *Picture* and made a much better book for it. And who's not to say that the polishing of a crude phrase — merely editorship, of course—might not lead to a statement like: "And it wasn't because of anything the Clutters did. They never hurt me. Like other people. Like people have all my life. Maybe it's just that the Clutters were the ones who had to pay for it." How neat. Could Joe Mankiewicz have said it better?

Even the title irritates. Not only is it in the best tradition of sensational headline mongering but it represents the standard incantation used by prosecuting attorneys in asking for the extreme penalty. But the description of the killing indicates that it was done not "in cold blood" but in the grip of obsession, almost sexual passion, bringing a release that was almost as intense as any orgasm or mystical experience. "In cold blood" argues logic, reason, planning, cause-effect thinking, personal responsibility, above and beyond any social conditioning, in the committing of a crime: the phrase is the Establishment invocation of sanity. And Capote's use of the title argues his tacit approval of the system.

It is the middle class which is responsive to and outraged by that violent dislocation, by that apparent unmotivation of certain acts which it is stylish to call irrationality or absurdity in literature. The very words argue the exception that tests a pervasive condition, an everyday state of being. And, after all, it is the middle class which has created a social medium whose very nature is shored up by an ideology that stresses personal volition, cause-effect, reason, logic, historicism. Anything that appears to violate this order is shattering, outrageous, deserving of the death penalty; the very presentation, the very special pleading, of *In Cold Blood* implies the *unusualness* of the murderer's act and so becomes diversion, entertainment in case history, and tries to persuade us that what are in fact common patterns of behavior are aberrations. But the poor, for instance, live in a world of violent and "criminal" dislocations, casual unmotivated brutality which no police force tries seriously to stop, so long as it doesn't spill over; it is a world whose inhabitants are not too strongly programed in the ethics of cause-effect, and kill without much feeling, who do not find such behavior absurd, but expected. How few Capotes put their

Bill Watson's Report from Canada

(1) Safe in their giant glass house
ruffled by gusting wind, frogs
hide under the mud rug and bulge
the little waves of their eyes
to mean "Winter, spare me; I am
just a little life on my knees;
even my eggs are almost water."
And boys throw stones that
go magic into that glass.

(2) Geese come by. They strain
the downwing sweep, then slide
south fifty yards each time, pump
history past their checked eyes,
and belong wherever they've arrived.

(3) The bear come down. They swing
the dream of their heads. Every airedale
drop in our dog's blood sings to her
throat, and she becomes that queen
who said "Whom" and "We are not amused."

(4) Till we grow up we think we're Americans,
that comfort will come. But we do our own
seeing. They're different. We hear them,
their confident tears, in music boxes.
I had not known so many are that way.
I'm Canadian.

William Stafford

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obsessed talents to dramatizing such worlds. Selby convinces us, for instance, that the world of taken-for-granted violence and brutality interpenetrates our world. And since they are of these related worlds, we cannot rest with the Perry Smiths and the Richard Hickocks as they are; before we kill them we make sure they negate themselves by turning into literate, psychopathic heroes. We make sure that it is understood that the relationship of the killers to the Clutters is considered aberrant by treating it as a one-of-a-kind case history. Possibly it would have made more sense if Perry Smith's statement read: "And it was everything the Clutters did. They always hurt me. Like other people. Like people have all my life. It's the Clutters who are the ones who should pay for it." They did: and not for the cheap, shallow, sentimental reasons Capote gives us.

The higher objectivity? We are still waiting for it.

Proust and the Tartar Relation

PROUST: The Later Years. By George D. Painter. Little, Brown & Co. 424 pp. $7.50.

Mina Curtiss

George D. Painter's two-volume biography of Marcel Proust is an extraordinary work. The six-year gap between the publication of the two volumes, due largely to the noncooperation of Proust's heirs, necessitates a rereading of the first volume, *The Early Years*, in order to judge the success of the work as a whole. Its virtues are many and unusual. Not only has Mr. Painter discovered useful material in little-known memoirs neglected by other Proustians but he has, by the meticulous thoroughness of his study of already used sources, succeeded in creating a unique portrait in montage of Proust's day-to-day existence.

The basis of Mr. Painter's biographical theory is the conviction that this account of the traceable details of the daily life of the author and of everyone with whom he came in contact reveals the creative process by which *A la recherche du temps perdu* came into being. Certainly his handling of the ingredients in this richest of dishes makes absorbing fare. But the biographer is, after all, not the chef whose indefinable personal magic is the essential clue to a masterpiece. If science could isolate the inner processes whereby the recorded acts and thoughts of a genius are transformed into the specific masterpiece that no other artist could have written, Mr. Painter would have succeeded. For no one has surpassed him as historian of the keys to the characters in Proust's novel. But because Proust himself was a moralist and because Mr. Painter has patterned the structure of his biography on his conception of Proust's method as a novelist, there is a recurring, if perhaps subliminal, moralistic tone that gives false emphasis to many of his conclusions. Mr. Painter is not the only distinguished English scholar attracted to the life of an admittedly "abnormal" French writer who seems impelled to stand in judgment on the subject of his choice, ignoring the fact that the artist, a *monstre sacré*, is under compulsion to follow the bent of his genius through processes perhaps incomprehensible to the noncreative mind.

In her life of Baudelaire the brilliant Oxford don, Enid Starkie, writes:

> *In England, Baudelaire . . . would have gone either to Oxford or Cambridge . . . where under proctorial or tutorial supervision, he . . . would probably have made a name for himself . . . in artistic and literary clubs, and this might have satisfied his need for eccentric self-expression. . . . Unfortunately the university system in France does not fulfill the same function that it does in England. . . .* [There] *Baudelaire was the center of a noisy band of young men . . .* [who] *lounged about the Latin Quarter . . . drinking in the sordid underground bars. . . . The smoking of opium . . . was their newest and most daring vice. Little did Baudelaire realize at that time that, twenty years later, he would be bewailing his inability to break himself of the addiction.*

Not that Mr. Painter would ever claim that exposure to an English university might have inoculated Proust against the form taken by his "need for eccentric self-expression." Nevertheless, his labeling as a "vice" what Proust called the "curse" of homosexuality reveals a preconceived moral attitude incompatible with the open-mindedness essential to a biographer. He seems to feel that a heterosexual youth would somehow have mitigated Proust's "sin." So in spite of the existence of an unpublished letter (Mr. Painter, mistakenly, I think, restricts himself to published sources), written when Proust was 16, describing in lyrical terms a homosexual experience, his biographer, writing about him in his mid-20s, says: ". . . he had often been in love with women; he could still regard himself as fundamentally normal. Now, once and for all, he must admit to himself that he was a homosexual. . . . He was a criminal. . . . Worst of all, he must now devote his life to an interminable effort to conceal his real nature from his mother. If he succeeded would he not crucify her daily with his deceit? If he failed would he not quite literally kill her?" (Again there is an unpublished letter that implies beyond doubt that Madame Proust was well aware of her son's tendencies and even tried to warn him against showing them.)

Mr. Painter's Freudian interpretation of these love-hate feelings is not new. However, as he presents the relationship, it is Marcel who, in spite of being a *monstre sacré* to his mother, bears the brunt of blame for their torturing love. Yet their correspondence certainly suggests that the mother, in her own sacred way, was also a monster. Mr. Painter's failure to admit Madame Proust's share in the emotionally burdened relationship suggests that his knowledge of French society is based on scholarship rather than experience. Otherwise he would be aware of the domineering power of the mother prevalent in most French bourgeois families even today. Indeed, calling to mind the mother troubles of the writers who at various times were important to Proust — Balzac, Baudelaire, Flaubert, not to mention Ruskin—one wonders whether certain illuminating analogies, which would reduce the significance of Proust's guilt, have not been ignored. Mr. Painter, however, uses his great gift as critic and explicator only at the rare intervals when he is not preoccupied with fitting keys into what is not, after all, a locked microcosm, but a world as rich in poetic description and metaphor, in analysis of the arts and of the phenomena of time and of memory, as in the development of personal relations. He is less interested in exploring the psychological parallels between Proust's peers in the macrocosm of art and of time than in tracing the chronology

Mina Curtiss is the author of Bizet and His World *(Knopf), translator and editor of* My Friend Degas *by Daniel Halévy (Wesleyan University Press), and of* Letters of Marcel Proust, *to be republished this year by Vintage.*

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of his contemporaries whose existence, once they are all dead, will be of as little importance to the reader of *Remembrance of Things Past* as the fact that characters in *Anna Karenina* and in *War and Peace* were, much to the Countess Tolstoy's annoyance, based on members of her family.

A critic's function is not, of course, to deplore a writer's failure in achieving an aim that he has not set himself. Yet I can't but feel that a further-reaching Freudian consideration of Balzac's early and enduring affairs with women his mother's age, Baudelaire's perpetual demands for money from his mother, Flaubert's attacks of false epilepsy as a young man, and Ruskin's impotence might have enabled Mr. Painter to regard Proust's deviations from normal or conventional behavior in the light of those of other great artists, rather than within the narrow bonds of sin.

From his obvious discomfort at the belief that Proust never experienced a physical relationship with a woman stems his attempt to prove that one existed. But what are the actual facts behind his statement that Proust "had often been in love with women"? At the age of 15 he underwent a typical adolescent infatuation for Marie Bernardaky whom he never saw after he was 16, but whom he described a few years before his death as "one of the two great loves" of his life. By that time, however, Gilberte had come alive in his imagination; was it not the composite flowering of this character in his novel whom he really loved? ("A book is a great cemetery in which one can no longer decipher the half-effaced names on most of the graves. . . . The young girl with the deep-set eyes and the indolent manner of speech, is she here? And if she does lie here, one no longer knows in what part and how can one find out under all the flowers?" *The Past Recaptured.*) In his 20s, according to his fellow student, Fernand Gregh, he and Mary Finaly "felt for one another a childish and reciprocated love." Childish was certainly not the word for the "affair" that he had in his 30s with Louisa de Mornand, to which Mr. Painter attributes such importance. For Louisa combined the career of an unsuccessful actress with that of a successful courtesan. She was the mistress successively of two of Proust's friends.

Mr. Painter's theory that the love-making between Proust and Louisa was, as he says, "carnal" (surely a word more evocative of St. Paul than of the *belle époque*) is based on his interpretation of Proust's letters to her as well as a most un-Ruskinian inscription in the presentation copy of his translation of *The Bible of Amiens.* But nowhere in his book does Mr. Painter take into account the chameleonlike quality inherent in all letter writers. Proust's letters, especially, "sustain," as Harry Levin has said, "the high pitch of effusiveness, the mannered tone of formality that Proust's friends characterized by inventing a verb: 'to Proustify.' Significantly, he cautioned one of them against showing a letter to another one because, he said, 'It's too honest to be sincere.'" To me, Proust's love letters to Mlle. de Mornand imply the acting out, in the Freudian sense, of a wishful illusion. At the time he wrote them he was enchanted at being the cherished member of a group of charming, handsome, young aristocrats, many of whose traits he incorporated in the character of Saint-Loup. All of them were passionately involved in affairs with women, one of them, indeed, with Louisa herself. So it seems not improbable that Proust took advantage of her availability for flirtation—not a "banal" one, nor "exclusive," as she noted twenty years later in writing of this *"amitié amoureuse,"* in order to share as closely as possible the emotions and experiences of his new friends.

"Did Proust ever talk to you about Louisa de Mornand?" I recently asked Céleste Albaret, Proust's remarkable housekeeper who at 73, looking no older than 60, still retains a total recall of every word her master spoke. "He said she was stupid," Céleste replied, "and that he used to tease her." "Do you think he could ever have gone to bed with her?" *"Tout est possible, Madame,"* was the answer. And indeed everything is possible, even that Proust lied when, shortly before his death, he told Gide that he had "never loved women other than spiritually." The complexity of the motivation for this lie, if it was a lie, is such that it would seem more logical to accept Proust's statement as true.

The relevant point, however, is Mr. Painter's pejorative judgment that because Proust made love to Louisa under his mother's roof, "he was at once proving his mother's love by . . . punishing her with more than a hint of sadism. . . . He was arranging for other women, almost before her eyes, to bring him the good-night kiss she had denied him at Auteuil." The various manifestations of Proust's sadism have long been recognized, but in this instance one is bound to wonder whether it may not have been directed against the intruder rather than against Madame Proust. How successful a love affair could have been carried on while, as Proust wrote Louisa immediately after his mother's death, "you [saw] me always all ears and heart, on watch at Mother's door, where I used any pretext to return and kiss her again and again"?

Sadism is unquestionably a vice, but when Mr. Painter speaks of the "twin vices of homosexuality and snobbism," one can only feel that his preoccupation with the mundane activities of the man, Marcel Proust, has made him ignore the point of view of the narrator, Marcel, thereby bringing in question his whole theory of the relationship between the man and the novelist. In *Cities of the Plain*, Proust and/or the narrator describes homosexuals as a

> *race upon* [whom] *a curse weighs and* [who] *must live amid falsehood and perjury, because* [they] *know that the world regards as punishable and scandalous, as inadmissible,* [their] *desire, that which constitutes for every human creature the greatest happiness in life . . .* [a race] *obliged to make a secret of their lives, to turn away their eyes*

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from the things on which they would naturally fasten them . . . to change the gender of many of the words in their vocabulary, a social constraint, slight in comparison with the inward restraint which their vice, or what is improperly so called, imposes upon them with regard not so much to others as to themselves, and in such a way that to themselves it does not appear a vice.

Snobbism considered as a vice would, I think, have surprised Proust. It is "a serious malady of the spirit," he wrote, "but one that is localized and does not taint it as a whole." Although the antitoxin to Proust's variation of this ailment left him with a residuum of disillusionment that pervades a work in which only one character besides the narrator and the members of his family maintain their integrity throughout, Mr. Painter seems to believe that the snobbism of Proust's youth persisted throughout his life.

However, it is not the novelist but the biographer who at the end still sees the French artistocracy as Proust had in the beginning before they welcomed him into their world. "In their drawing-rooms," writes Mr. Painter, "flourished a gay elegance, a fantastic individuality, a chivalrous freedom, a living interplay of minds, morals and emotions. . . . It is our duty as twentieth-century barbarians to salute the ninteenth-century civilization which we have overwhelmed." To my mind, *A la recherche du temps perdu* is not a salute to a dead order, but to the mystery and magic of time and memory, to the triumph of will power and character in relation to the creation of a great work of art. Mr. Painter's romantic picture of *le haut monde*, as depicted in Proust's novel, is belied by the novelist's own words in his final volume:

It is true that life, in bringing these people across my path had repeatedly presented them to me under special circumstances which, surrounding them completely, had hemmed in the view I had of them and thereby hindered me from knowing their true nature. Even these Guermantes, who had been the object of such a magnificent dream when I had first approached one of them, later appeared in my life . . . in the capacity of my grandmother's old friends. . . . It is true that it bored me to go to call on them as much as on the other society people I met later. Even in the case of the Duchesse de Guermantes . . . I felt her charm only from afar; it vanished when I came near her because it existed only in my memory and my imagination.

Not only was Proust in his later years bored with the actual people whom his imagination had, as he said, "translated" into the more than life-size inhabitants of the world he created, but the "malady of snobbism," if indeed for him it had ever been more than the embryonic entomological passion for collecting specimens, ceased to exist:

One of my various selves, the one who used to go to those barbaric banquets called formal dinners, where for the men in evening dress and the semi-nude, feather-bedecked women values are so reversed that anyone who fails to come, after accepting the invitation . . . commits a more reprehensible act than the immoral conduct discussed so lightly in the course of the dinner . . . that self within me had abided by the rules of society and lost his memory. My other self, on the contrary, the one who had reached a clear conception of his task, had not forgotten.

It is this other self that Mr. Painter seems to me to neglect, inevitably, because of the initial flaw in his concept of literary biography, his non-Proustian concept of time, and his unquestioning acceptance of the validity of all of his sources.

In discussing his contribution to the recently published *The Vinland Map and the Tartar Relation*, Mr. Painter, Assistant Keeper of Books at the British Museum and "all-round medievalist," remarked: "I sometimes wonder which I am—an incunabulist or a Proustian. I wish there were two of me. . . . I've been a Proustian ever since boyhood—the other is a professional thing. . . . I think I'm more competent on it than I am on Proust."

It is not a question of alternative competence. Mr. Painter has with more than competent skill used the trained incunabulist's technique to project the image of the living Proust. It is simply a question of the wrong technique. These correspondents of Proust, these memorialists, on whose writings the biography is based, were many of them still alive when Mr. Painter initiated his project. In my own experience with them they contradicted one another and themselves. They admitted deleting any portions of Proust's letters that displeased them or seemed too intimate. They accused one another, in all honesty, of lying. They were, each in his own way, "too honest to be sincere" about anything except their devotion to Proust (there was only one who admitted disliking him or perhaps just envying his fame) as a genius and as a "good" man. Those were the reiterated and significant words. If Mr. Painter had taken advantage of their touching eagerness to welcome anyone who wished seriously to honor their great friend rather than relying on their carelessly edited correspondence, the documents assembled by frequently self-interested amateurs, he would not have succumbed to his romantic view of their reliability.

The contrast between the incunabulist's method as Proust's biographer and as historian, editor and translator of the *Tartar Relation* is highly relevant. To a reader ignorant of the Middle Ages, this account of the Franciscan mission sent in 1245 by Pope Innocent IV to the Mongols is as exciting and enriching as was the initiation of a Proustian to the master's long journey in search of time lost. The exotic fascination of the text of the *Tartar Relation* is immeasurably enhanced by Mr. Painter's editing. At home, as a medievalist, in the world of these indefatigably courageous monks and the legendary savages whom they visited, he has ignored no source of error, no possible lie, no mistake in copying, no textual variation, no clue to any legend. Confronted, however, with a society as unfamiliar, as exotic as Proust's Paris must have seemed to an intellectual young Englishman, his guards were down.

Lack of space precludes the discussion here of the varying reliability of Mr. Painter's sources, and it is not a subject that will disturb most readers. For if these two volumes are not the

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"definitive" biography the author set out to write, they do form a concordance to Proust's life and work, unique because by the brilliance of their composition they project an absorbing portrayal of an era and a society. This work is indispensable to Proustians. Readers who have never progressed further than *Swann's Way* can enjoy it as a Goncourt-style journal focused on one man. But will it lead them to read through to the final volume — *The Past Recaptured* — in which, Marcel, the narrator, achieves the goal that eluded Mr. Painter, the elucidation of "The workings of [Proust's] imagination at the very moment of creation"?

Entering the Age of Feiffer

THE TIN MEN. By Michael Frayn. Little, Brown & Co. 216 pp. $4.95.

Peter Buckman

We have reached the stage when almost anything passes for satire. The only workable divisions are between the "public" and the "private" practice of the art: the "private" covers the witty columns in English newspapers of veterans like Beachcomber and Paul Jennings, while the "public" is embodied in the *Beyond the Fringe* team, who combined the muscularity of the American masters with a *pointilliste* accuracy of mimicry. Their success engendered the English satirical wave, which swamped all divisions. The columnists, unchanged, found a new audience that did not discriminate between old-fashioned wit and the newly fashionable satire. The *Fringe*, which had built this insatiable following, had also captured the dedicated audience of the old Goon Shows, which brought the Absurd to an unsurpassed pitch of professionalism.

The Goons were the leading in-group of the fifties. They were not pegged as satirists and their humor was zany Perelman rather than Mort Sahl, with their plot to foil a German invasion by floating a cardboard replica of Great Britain in the English Channel and then pulling out the plug. They made everything ridiculous, which according to the dictionary is the true purpose of satire. And they built an audience of *cognoscenti*, of people who knew their private vocabulary, and who were conditioned to the outrageous. It was these people who raved over the *Fringe*.

That success resulted in the foundation of *The Establishment*, a satirical night club. Britain moved into the Feiffer Age, more than a little behind America. And *Private Eye* was founded, the first purely satirical magazine. Its staff was of the same cut as the *Fringe*: Oxbridge graduates, witty, left wing, fashionable. Designed to look like the product of amateurs, with its typewriter print and erratic layout, the magazine attracted distinguished wits such as Claud Cockburn and the egregious Malcolm Muggeridge. Peter Cook of the *Fringe* was for a long time on its editorial board, and its leading cartoonist, William Rushton, was a star of the B.B.C. show *That Was The Week That Was*. There were a lot of the same faces under different hats. The magazine thrived on the scabrous, the obscene, the send-up handled with quarter-staffs rather than rapiers. Its targets were mostly political, aimed with the scattered shot of a blunderbuss.

But in this "public" sector there was a curiously accelerated degeneration into banality. Inventiveness died so rapidly we hardly knew it was with us before we were bemoaning its passing. *The Establishment* went bankrupt (it continues under very different management). Lenny Bruce was not allowed to land. Two B.B.C. shows of straight satire went off the air. The third has frequent rests. Even *Private Eye* has found it impossible to continue being funny about the same things in the same way. Despite occasional bursts of popularity its circulation has steadily declined.

Meanwhile, back in the "private" sector, that of the columnists, little changed. The old hands remained unmoved by the wave. They are the still small voices, with their swollen audiences intact. Of a totally different stamp from the Fringers, they are mostly older and do not betray their origins. Their nearest American equivalent is perhaps Art Buchwald, only it's a gentler descant that they sing; their satire is rural rather than urbane.

Michael Frayn is a relatively new recruit to their ranks who came to fame while the wave was at its height. It was, and is, a private world he invented, with devotees who had to learn his language. Unlike the Goons he is rarely outrageously absurd. His characters are from local lore, minor government figures, suburban mothers, politicians. Idly reading an occasional column may result in total incomprehension: you have to know the rules. In common with his Sunday-paper colleagues, he is very much family reading: nothing obscene, nothing offputting. This bland strain is very different from that of the "public" satirists, who have frequently caused offense.

Frayn qualifies for the satirical label because his pieces render recognizable characters and situations, once you've got the hang of it, ridiculous. His novel is very much a stringing together of pieces. It is ostensibly the story of the William Morris Institute of Automation, thrown into confusion by the impending visit of the Queen to open a new wing dedicated to the automation of Ethics. But the story, often hilarious, is only an excuse to satirize—there is no other word—various aspects of English society. Starting with a television magnate, Rothermere Vulgarian, we proceed through the various members of the institute who, intellectuals all, exemplify some weakness, some absurdity we can all recognize. It's farce from start to finish, without even a straight character against whom the weirdies can be compared. There is Rowe, for ex-

Peter Buckman spent three years in publishing, in London and New York, and has recently returned to England to write.

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ample, who is writing a novel but cannot begin till he has completed his own reviews. There are several characters from stock, janitors and deprived and dessicated spinsters who would never survive the light of a Sunday column, but who are here brought in as filling. There is Macintosh, the head of the Ethics Department, trying to build a computer (called Samaritan) which will offer a coherent ethical behavior pattern under the purest form of the ethical situation: two people aboard a raft which will only support one of them:

Samaritan II came back up to the gantry, winched by the crane. There was something about its visible dials and displays that struck Goldwasser.

"Doesn't it look a bit sanctimonious to you?" he asked Macintosh.

"Aye, it always does after it's gone over the side. It's a minor defect. We'll get it right in development."

It contains some marvelous flashes, notably the description of computerized journalism, based on the constancy of certain types of stories and the incomprehensible ambiguity of headlines—a random selection by computer from a small vocabulary will produce headlines as acceptably meaningless as those in any popular paper:

'Strike Threat Plea Probe Move Shock Hope.'

'Mayfair Man in Sex Show Miracle.'

'Do-It-Yourself Envoy in Soccer Probe Marathon.'

Yet the inventiveness which in Frayn's columns is sustained by not being overexposed does not support a novel. He succeeds in ridiculing a lot of not-so-sacred cows; but as they stand, comical nuggets barely connected by a thin tissue of incredible narrative, they fail to add up to anything substantial.

Among a satirical group, Frayn is almost alone in daring the novel form. Spike Milligan, an ex-Goon, has written one, subject to the same strain and unpublished in America. We are promised a novel from Jonathan Miller, but as with Tom Wolfe, there are many publishers who have had to stop holding their breath. Those "private" celebrants of the art who had a steady record before the satirical wave hit them have survived by conserving their strength. It was the sustained glare surrounding the "public" practitioners which brought them down. Being satirical takes heavy toll.

But then so does writing a novel. Mr. Frayn's columns will continue to delight his *aficionados* because there the limits of space and frequency are ideal for his talent. While almost anything will pass for satire, the same indulgence cannot be extended to the novel.

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Malcolm Lowry: A Reminiscence

David Markson

Malcolm Lowry's novel, Under the Volcano, *was recently reissued by Lippincott, along with an edition of Lowry's* Letters. *His two unpublished novels,* Dark Is the Grave *and* October Ferry to Gabriola, *will be brought out by New American Library in the fall of this year and in 1967.*—The Editors

For seven or eight days, in the summer of 1952, I visited with Malcolm Lowry in the squatter's shack on the beach beyond Vancouver where he had written most of *Under the Volcano.* In September, 1954, while they were awaiting the departure of a freighter to Italy, he and his wife Margerie lived for two weeks in my New York apartment. The duration of both visits seems greater in retrospect, since time spent with Lowry was somehow concentrated, or *distilled.*

Speaking of Dylan Thomas, Lowry told me once: "You know, I never saw him when he wasn't drunk." I have to begin with the same qualification about Lowry. The man could not shave himself. In lieu of a belt, he knotted a rope or a discarded necktie around his waist. Mornings, he needed two or three ounces of gin in his orange juice if he was to steady his hand to eat the breakfast that would very likely prove his only meal of the day. Thereafter a diminishing yellow tint in the glass might belie for a time the fact that now he was drinking the gin neat, which he did for as many hours as it took him to collapse —sometimes sensible enough of his condition to lurch toward a bed, though more often he would crash down into a chair, and once it was across my phonograph. Then he would hack and sputter through the night like some great defective machine breaking apart.

Yet what one remembers is less the excess than Lowry's own attitude toward it, an incredible impression he conveyed that he could never take any of it quite seriously. He had an acute sense of his own dissolution, eternally chagrined at being a nuisance, apologizing hourly for small disasters, but what he sensed equally was the underlying absurdity in it all: the very idea, a grown man and that is the third burning cigarette I have misplaced tonight.

One afternoon in New York we had to leave him alone for a time, though safely within the apartment. Because a party was being given for him that evening, Margerie had done her best to establish what Lowry termed her "tyranny of five o'clock" —no hard liquor before then. What gin we possessed was hidden, and we left him with six or eight cans of beer. I returned first, about three hours later. Within moments, Lowry had commenced to giggle. Sheepish, but no less transparently gleeful, he glanced about furtively before he confessed: "I have a funny story to tell you, about something that happened when you were out." Something had happened, as opposed to being done. A day or two before, I had bought fresh shaving lotion. I did not ask what it had used to dilute itself.

One jokes because Lowry joked: this was mischief only. Though the mischief was somehow cosmic too, as if ordained. In his autobiographical narrative, *Ushant,* Conrad Aiken remembers a younger Lowry as "visibly and happily alight with genius,"

David Markson teaches English at Long Island University. His satirical novel, The Ballad of Dingus Magee *(Bobbs-Merrill) is to be published shortly.*

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and the phrase means exactly what it says. Lowry *looked* like a genius; there was a gleam not within but behind the eyes that seemed to transcend any ordinary alertness or mirth. The notion will be more provocative if one recalls the Consul's "demons" in *Under the Volcano* — another surely autobiographical work — and how often those demons are "in possession." He had Scandinavian eyes, with a certain whiteness in the pigmentation of the lids which complemented that demonic glitter. But his upper teeth protruded slightly, suggesting a grin whether one was intended or not, making of him a roguishly improbable Faustus at best.

And he was really too "bookish" for the role, even if there was a distinct manner in which he cared far less about the written word than about the personality of the man who had put it down. A book became a kind of introduction, for Lowry, to the author personally. Voicing some insight or other, he might preface it thus: "As old Melville would say. . . ." What followed would be a notion that Melville (or whoever) had never anywhere expressed, but that only he among authors might have.

He chose his men, however: "You cannot trust the ones who are too careful. As writers or drinkers. Old Goethe cannot have been so good a man as Keats or Chatterton. Or Rimbaud. The ones that burn."

He delighted in repeating an anecdote about having known "a poet" of 17 or so, in London—"a wild boy who insisted he was already dying, smashing glasses after each drink, that sort of thing." Some years later, he had begun to admire the work of "one" Dylan Thomas, whom Margerie then met during a visit to England on her own. "And how is ruddy old Malc?" Dylan asked. Margerie was certain that Lowry did not know the man. Nor could Lowry himself make the connection until a new Thomas collection appeared with an Augustus John portrait as a frontispiece.

Then again his "familiars" were not necessarily always his peers. During one New York conversation, and after a lengthy pause on Lowry's part, the talk had been taken up again for some moments before he announced: "Incidentally, there was an owl perched outside there just now. You saw it, of course?"

An owl. On West 113th Street. Well, it was not impossible—though with Lowry there was also the question of what *sort* of owl. One morning when he was alone at the Dollarton shack, for example, a bird several times plummeted from a tree to crash against a window. The question to be asked at Margerie's return, for one with Lowry's occult orientation, was self-evident: "Is there mail? Someone is trying to get in touch with me." As Lowry related the incident, it was almost redundant that Margerie carried a letter from a total stranger, the last line of which read: "You have got to write to me." There would be a merriment in the telling, perhaps even a hint of self-mockery. Doubtless it sounds stagy; in reality, it was unsettling.

In any case such dimensions were more than appropriate to Lowry's talk which, again like the Consul's, was wholly remarkable, wholly implausible, if not to say so full of involution and subordinate phrases that even

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Albert Camus (accepting the Nobel Prize for Literature, December 10, 1957)

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simple declarations were rarely completed: every owl reminded Lowry of twelve other owls. One afternoon, out with friends, he began an anecdote about a French hospital where, apparently, several kindly but ill-advised nuns had supplied him with liter after liter of red wine. The story was started at least eight times. But after digressions about everything from Manx fishing customs to the reading habits of James Joyce, it spiraled finally into absolute incoherence:

"Malc, will you for heaven's sake tell us what you are talking about?"

"Well, it's difficult. But you have to listen. It's . . . *contrapuntal!*"

The tale of the nuns was told, insofar as it was, in an exclusive East Side hotel, under circumstances themselves characteristic. Lowry was to meet his agent there at about noon. After various confusions he arrived at approximately 4, wearing baggy denim trousers, a boyish sports shirt without a necktie, and a zippered denim jacket. In fact, he was in the process of being turned away, until another member of our party was recognized by the doorman—though Viscount Peter Churchill's status at the hotel has presumably been in question since.

A point should be made that such situations did not occur because of the drink alone, though they had nothing to do with anything like Bohemian protest either; rather, there was a kind of naïveté in the man, and a considerable innocence. He had lived in isolation for so long, in Cuernavaca and in British Columbia, that he simply did not *think* about such things as neckties. In the Dollarton woods, where the Lowrys had neither electricity nor plumbing, an "appointment" meant a casual invitation to look in at the shanty of some fellow squatter 100 yards down a stony beach.

As it happens, Lowry and I did take a more "formal" excursion up there one day, or what began as such. The Dollarton house was situated on one of the deep-water Pacific inlets east of Vancouver Island. Somewhere to the south, though "just around the bend," was a town called Port Moody that Lowry decided we might inspect. In bathing trunks, carrying our clothes, we set out via dinghy: "Around the Horn to Valparaiso!"

The latter was more like it. After an hour investigating flora and fauna along the wooded shore line, we were next evidently in the great strait itself, banging about amid currents, inspecting the looming, rusted underbellies of freighters at anchor a mile or so from any docks, absurd though maybe intrepid too in our tiny craft. Four hours had elapsed before we made fast—to discover that we might venture no farther than to the first dockside tavern. Somehow, en route, Lowry had lost his pants over the side.

Undaunted, we had the required drinks. Yet even well into dark Lowry was reluctant to depart, though now what held him was a special flavor of the tavern itself—of the sea at its door and of men who followed the sea. More often than literature, or Mexico, the sea colored Lowry's talk, recollections of his one boyhood voyage as a coal trimmer, of other passages thereafter, and for all his removal from it now it lured him still. This stocky, clumsy, shy little man just turned 43, without a cent in his pockets, for that matter without pockets, appearing on the threshold and grinning ingenuously, yet timidly too, which was characteristic of him among strangers . . . and yet within a moment being grinned at in turn, his obvious joy infectious and winning. Men lifted their glasses, they called hello. There is a line in one of the stories: "The very sight of that old bastard makes me happy for five days. No bloody fooling." Long after recording it Lowry remained too pleased to admit he had overheard it being said about himself.

But at last, departure. Once Port Moody was behind us and the random lamps of the freighters at mooring had faded to port the darkness was absolute. "Now listen, Malc, do you recognize this inlet?" "Oh, it's near, it's near." He, himself, all but invisible in the stern, sprawling, dragging one arm or the other in our wake. "There are whales here now and then, have I told you?" Then, from somewhere in the mountains, the eerie "Zinnnnng! Zinnnnng!" of a sawmill running through the night. "Ha! There is old Kafka, leading his orchestra. He must have been a splendid fellow, Kafka. I prayed to him once, and he answered my prayer." It is well past midnight when we locate the solitary dim gleam in the distance. Still, we may be rowing an additional half-mile out of the way. But no, it is the shack; Margerie has left a kerosene lamp in the window. "Oh, I knew you chaps would have some adventure or other." To which, Odysseus: "I say, you do have the decency to offer us a drink?"

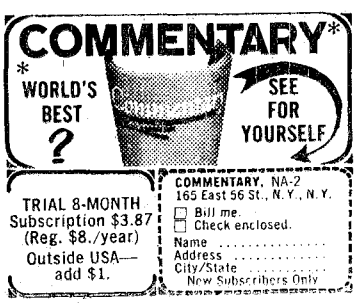
Up there in the wilderness, Lowry swam for half an hour or more each morning, whatever the weather. It may have saved him—certainly it postponed the inevitable. He was all chest, though in that athlete's way of going to fat where chest and stomach become one, and he had short arms that often seemed to flop about ineptly, like the appendages of some beached sea thing.

Yet he had been handsome and, as the photos show, with his beard the face expressed a kind of gravity and wisdom in the last days. But at this time he was weathered and turning fleshy. Interestingly, the older Errol Flynn, cast as the boozy Mike in *The Sun Also Rises*, took on a look very like Lowry's.

I have said there was something naive or ingenuous about him. On another level it was simply honesty: one was convinced he had never in his life been motivated by pettiness. But he was also able to talk about love, in an essentially masculine, platonic sense, without inviting accusations of mawkishness, or worse. A case in point involves Conrad Aiken, who had filled an *in loco parentis* role for him in his youth, and whom he had not seen for nineteen years before the New York visit.

Aiken was on Cape Cod when the Lowrys arrived, and Margerie sent a telegram. After two decades, and though he was 65 then himself, Aiken still knew his man. It was the poet who made the trip.

Unfortunately, his arrival coincided with the aforementioned party. For some years Aiken has maintained a walk-up in the East 30s, and we went there first. Lowry was still in fair shape outwardly, the after-shave "bracer" to the contrary. (He had this faculty: musing, perplexed by unmentioned private visions, he could be teetering at the edge of the abyss and for a time not seem drunk at all, merely abstracted. Eventually, of course, he would come back to reality like a bridge collapsing.) At Aiken's, the fare is martinis. Lowry had been elated for days over the prospect of seeing the man again, but here too he was initially shy, and there were false starts. In rough form at the moment was a novel, *October Ferry to*



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Gabriola, the most nearly finished of the several to be left at his death. For some minutes Lowry endeavored to summarize a nonexistent plot, after which: "Well, nothing *happens*. Nothing should, in a novel." Whereupon Aiken, whose *Blue Voyage* Lowry readily acknowledged as the critical influence on his own concept of fictional subjectivity: "No. No incidents."

Lowry also talked a good deal about his condition, laying it in part to his pain at having to leave Dollarton, where the squatters faced eviction. "I have to slide through this time of crisis on my unconscious," he repeated more than once. During the conversation he was beset by the shakes, and discussed this also. (Shortly after his arrival in New York, having to sign a paper before a notary, he was unable to write his name. Three martinis effected a remedy, though he spilled the first and the second had to be held for him.)

Margerie had gotten him into a tie and jacket for the evening, and I had shaved him, so at the party itself his appearance again may have been briefly deceptive. Present were his friends James Agee and James Stern, his editors Frank Taylor and Albert Erskine, and two or three wives. The night was exceptionally hot; Agee, apparently already ill himself, stood through most of it in a pool of sweat that had literally dripped from his chin to the floor. Almost at once, Lowry drifted into a kind of rapt silence, likewise sweating profusely, gazing at nothing; perhaps an hour passed in which he spoke to no one at all, nor did he move from his chair. Then, suddenly, cupping his hands to his mouth, he began to make sounds that can only be called "beeps"—though one who knew could infer jazz, and more specifically tunes associated with Bix Beiderbecke: *Singin' the Blues; I'm Comin', Virginia; In a Mist.* For thirty minutes at least, even more absolutely lost to the rest of us now, the man rendered the Dixieland he had loved as a youth. ("I learned to write listening to Beiderbecke," he had remarked in Dollarton. He owned an ancient, hand-cranked phonograph, and a collection of scarred recordings to which he could listen for hours. "Oh, what pure art!" he might cry, or, "Ah, the discipline!" Amid the New York baggage was a ukulele, but with strings missing.)

The private recital ceased only when Aiken announced his departure: "Good night, disgrace." Then, however, Lowry insisted upon seeing him home—this with no idea where Aiken was headed and, chances were, with no money in his possession either, since Margerie normally handled all cash. In the street, in jest but in sadness, Aiken had to wrestle him off as a taxi drew up. Breaking Lowry's hold, the older man tumbled to the floor as the vehicle took him away.

Those next moments, gazing into the empty street where only now a small rain, like a mist, had begun to fall, Lowry could not have appeared more sober. "He is an old man," he said. "And now I will never see him again." He was right, if for a wrong reason; and for a time he wept.

By morning, the twinkle had returned. Aiken had spoken of a 9 o'clock train, and Lowry did not begin to function until well past that hour, but he insisted upon seeing the poet off. "After all, he is my father, and I haven't seen him in fifty-eight years. How can you keep me from him?" And again: "Of course, I would have gone to Massachusetts myself if I had to, even on all fours." In the end he settled for a telegram: *Was on deck 7 a.m. to see you off Wednesday but was offset by hurricane am going to encounter Monday afternoon off Cape Hatteras. . . .* (There was, in fact, a hurricane along the coast that week, called "Edna," which Lowry talked about incessantly and which he insisted he had "invoked.")

At the same time he was able to regret what he determined had been "rudeness" at the party, apologizing too for the mounting havoc in my own apartment—glasses broken, books and bottles and half-smoked cigarettes scattered everywhere, if not to mention the sheaf of manuscript poems reposing for days now beneath the kitchen sink—or the blood that had mysteriously appeared on his blanket.

Similarly, whenever we were out together, always the generous impulse: "Here, here, let me pay." Then the hand at the pocket, the sigh of frustration. "Well, later, Margerie has money." Neither would he forget, ultimately demanding that she contribute $10 or $20—"my share, at least"—on an accounting that had come to infinitely less.

They were to sail, via an Italian line, from Brooklyn—on a ship he gleefully proclaimed was certain to carry high explosives.

En route to the docks, he was much taken by the Brooklyn Bridge, and he was "almost tempted" to revise a judgment on Hart Crane (he felt the bridge a static symbol). Loyally, he remembered to remind me that I must read both Stern and Agee, as well as Aiken's *Great Circle*—"Though I did not write that. The one I wrote in another life was *Blue Voyage*." And throughout the drive he repeated a line, in a spurious Mississippi accent, that he attributed to Faulkner: "Ah can stand anything. Ain't nothing wrong with me that a good bour-bon won't cure."

In fact he stood the first few hours well. At breakfast the shakes had been extreme, but he had acknowledged without argument that a shave was necessary. The sailing was to be seven or eight hours delayed, however, by which time he was semi-conscious in his bunk.

"I must see the skipper. If he is not a company man, this will be a happy ship." Meanwhile he impressed upon Margerie the urgency of tipping the steward at once. "Italian ships have holds full of Chianti."

Then, final words which will perhaps be allowed in a reminiscence of this sort: "I'm a pretty bad man, but you should really come to Sicily with us. We love you, you know, but not so that you have to shove a cork up your arse, old man."

Three years and intermittent letters later, the cablegram: *Malcolm Suddenly Dead—Margerie.*

And *vale*, since he eludes one's poor words anyway. One was convinced that the demons were real. But what one remembers, in the end, is the innocence withal, the mirth, the sheer *abundance.*

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LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

grim. Further, through a clever placing of sentences, Mr. Eastlake implies that the "many" Indian tribes which supported the Puritans' war against the Pequots is about the same as the "many" Vietnamese who are supporting us today in Asia, whereas in fact about 90 per cent of the Indians of New England supported the Puritans in 1637. . . . Mr. Eastlake also would have us believe, in defiance of all available testimony, that Puritan land law conflicted with Indian land law; and he advances a curious concept of moral responsibility in dubbing as a "gadget" of the Pilgrims a host of communicable diseases that the 17th-century colonists conceived as their own most bitter and incomprehensible enemies. In final desperation Mr. Eastlake conjures up an invidious and thoroughly inappropriate trope about Governor Winthrop and tosses in an *ad captandum vulgus* reference to Indian fornication. This is competent reviewing? . . . *Alden T. Vaughan*

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Garbage

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: While watching the late news this evening, I was presented with two sharply contrasting messages, which I offer without comment other than that a new type of subliminal doublethink seems to be with us.

Resonant Harry Reasoner, on C.B.S., read without so much as ironic intonation the following paraphrased article: In the Dominican Republic today, students dumped trash cans at the entrances to streets, with the result that garbage was strewn along the gutters. A U.S. paratrooper ordered one youth to pick up the garbage, the youth protested, argument ensued, and the paratrooper killed the youth with a shotgun.

Not a second after the last word of the bulletin, a young girl in maid's costume *flies* into the living room of a troubled woman with a new product of impliedly magical potential that will leave her hands in perfect shape and appearance for playing the piano at a party. *Stephen Gillers*

Aid for the obsolete

Lexington, Va.

Dear Sirs: I was shocked to learn of the sad plight of many Negro sharecroppers in Mississippi described by Robert G. Sherrill in "The Obsolete Negro" [*The Nation*, Jan. 17]. I am a senior at Washington and Lee University and have spoken to several professors and fellow students about this matter. We feel that we should make an attempt to provide clothing and whatever else we can collect for these less fortunate citizens. Would you please send me more detailed information concerning the number, location and needs of those who have been treated in the manner described by Mr. Sherrill? *Roger S. Sennott*

Information can be obtained from, and contributions sent to, The Delta Mission, National Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y. 10027. The Editors

Good-will tour

West Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on the superb work you are doing in *The Nation*. Your editorial "The Message" on Vietnam in the issue of Jan. 24 hit the nail on the head. We could have peace there any time that we were willing to abide by the Geneva Agreements of 1954. The North Vietnam Government has made this offer.

We want to invite all your readers to join our Interracial Goodwill Seminar this coming summer, visiting Denmark, Sweden, the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, France and England. Write Promoting Enduring Peace, 489 Ocean Ave., West Haven, Conn. We see top government leaders everywhere and on a previous trip saw Khrushchev for three hours in the Kremlin. *Jerome Davis*

Gullible Hanoi

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: I wonder why, during this time of the Vietnam crisis, the parallelism of protest with the Northern "peace movements" during our own Civil War has not been discussed in your pages. . . . The peace movement of the early 1860s demanded negotiations with the South, demonstrated to remove government troops, wrote countless newspaper articles and pamphlets, held mass meetings and even had barn burnings. (Much bigger than draft cards.) . . . But the most important parallel was the great damage that our Northern peacemakers then, and our present protesters now, had and have in confusing the reality judgments of the enemy. North Vietnam today believes that a vast peace movement is sweeping the United States and all they need do is wait it out until our troops are withdrawn by popular demand. Jefferson Davis, too, was conned into believing that the Northern desire for peace would drive Lincoln from his office. . . .

The Copperheads, as they were so descriptively called, helped both to prolong the Civil War and cause much extra damage. How much more true is it today with our highly publicized "get out of Vietnam" movement?

Lee Oscar Bloomgarden

Suppression

State College, Pa.

Dear Sirs: The Portuguese Society of Writers, suppressed suddenly in May under violent circumstances, has appealed to the courts. The appeal is to be heard now that the elections to the National Assembly are out of the way.

The Portuguese Government called the society unpatriotic for giving its prize to an Angolan writer convicted of terrorism. In its appeal (which the Portuguese press could not publish and which our own "free" press apparently failed to report), the society maintains that (1) the jury which attributed the prize was autonomous and acted on literary merits; (2) the novel which received the prize had already been given three prizes in Angola proper, one of them after the author's jailing; (3) the author was not condemned to fourteen years' detention for any activities but for what he allegedly told a co-defendant during a conversation; and (4) the attribution of the prize was a pretext for suppressing the independent society. . . .

Publicizing the reason for the suppression may be the only way to move the Portuguese Government now to rescind an action that cannot but damage its reputation abroad. *G. M. Moser*

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